

U.S. DEPT. OF COMMERCE
COPYRIGHT
176507
OFFICE OF WASHINGTON

THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1882, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher and Proprietor, William and Spruce Streets, New York City.

Vol. XXXIX.—No. 225.

{ RICHARD K. FOX,
William & Spruce Sts. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882.

{ \$4.00 Per Year,
1.00 " Quarter. }

Price Ten Cents.



“THE OLD DECEIVER!”

HOW A SPECTACULAR STAR REMINDED AN ANCIENT AND FAITHLESS SWAIN OF THE FACT THAT SHE TOLERATED NO OPPOSITION
IN HER AFFECTIONS; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
183 William Street, Corner of Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, January 14, 1892.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Copy, one year.....\$4 00
One Copy, six months.....2 00
One Copy, three months.....1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the Publisher, 183 William Street, (P. O. box 4), New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post office money order.

THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the *POLICE GAZETTE* with any other illustrated publication. Ask for the

POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE regular round of Italian murders and carvings and slashings with stilettos has begun again in New York.

It is said that Talmage has a billiard table in his house in Brooklyn, and is fond of playing pool. Not for drinks, we hope.

AREN'T the young ladies who filled Guiteau's cell with flowers on Christmas day ashamed of themselves? If not, why not?

THE prosecution in the Jennie Cramer case has new points implicating the Malley boys, and it is said there is proof that they were seen in her company an hour before her death.

PALMER, the "gentlemanly auditor" of Newark, N. J., refuses to make confessions before his personal friends. He says he "has a delicacy about it." Oh, my! It's too bad about Palmer!

GARROTING, a form of highway robbery which was stamped out of New York by stern measures twenty-five years ago, has broken out in Cincinnati with a remarkable virulence and great profit to the footpads.

A WESTERN parson has been having a gay time. He picked out the prettiest orphan girl he could find, adopted her, called her his daughter to the world but kept her as his mistress at home. Alas! The old, old clerical story.

THE Chinese laundrymen of New York are taking up barbarian customs very readily. The most of them carry revolvers, and Lo Lee, of West 79th Street, is under arrest for threatening to "blowee helloo" out of a mob of teasing boys.

A SHORT while ago a desperado named Ed. Maxwell was lynched by the citizens of the town of Durand, Wis. Last week a mob of his friends retaliated by setting fire to the hotel, starting a conflagration that destroyed half of the town.

MORE reports of brutality at sea. The desperadoes of the "rolling deep" are evidently emulative of the cowboys and desperadoes of the land. But wide and broad as the ocean is, the pirates of the sea are not so likely to get off scot free as are those of the land.

A MADMAN in Carlinville, Ill., celebrated New Year's eve by setting fire to his house and dancing a devil's can-can in airy raiment in the midst of the flames while his two little children were roasted alive. He was a religious maniac—which seems about as bad as being an out and out votary of old Satan himself.

FIVE women in various parts of the country began the New Year by shooting and killing their husbands. Each had the same excuse. He had threatened to kill her, and she preferred to get her shot in first. Wives are getting "fly" to the matrimonial game at last.

THE Cowboys of Kansas have raided Caldwell again, and again the people have taken to their rifles and shot-guns and gone on the warpath, while the foe, with thumbs to noses and fingers gyrating, are coquetting and skirmishing with them through the underbrush.

A MEMPHIS thief was afraid to descend from a roof of a shed because of a watch-dog which was lying in wait for him below. When the man of the house came out with his shot-gun, however, the knuck made a rush against both man and dog and lost his life. Pluck is a variable and puzzling quality, beyond a doubt.

Two convicts in the Western Penitentiary, Pa., spent much of their time in writing. It was found that they were comparing notes and drawing diagrams of places in Pennsylvania which they intended to rob when their almost finished terms had expired. No use in trying to reform such ingrained criminals as they.

THE train robbing racket seems about played out. Two parties who have boarded trains in Kansas within a fortnight have been summarily "bounced" by the courageous passengers, and the road agents are suffering from a panic in consequence. They begin to see that the "country's ruined" and their trade has gone to the dogs.

THE knife and pistol were never so active as during the last week of the old year. Murders and affrays, with their stereotype sickening details flowed in from all quarters in such profusion that it seemed that one half the world had conceived the idea of murdering the other half in order that Mother Ship-ton's prophecy might be verified—in part, at least.

A PEORIA paper has discovered that the most of the desperadoes and villains of Missouri graduate from quiet country villages, and are in many instances the "good boys" of the Sunday schools. Parson's sons, too, are a famous prey for the devil, who seems to take an especial delight in making them turn out train robbers, or red-handed enemies of the law.

THE latest fashion in murder in the west and south is for the murderer to shoot through a window at his unsuspecting victim. Two New Year murders by this means are reported from South Carolina and one near Des Moines, Iowa, where a farmer named Reinsmidt was killed in his room and robbed of \$1,000 which he had received for the sale of a piece of land.

THE impunity with which murder can be committed in the west is sufficient excuse for the frequent appeals to Judge Lynch. Only two days ago a widow named Mary Terrill, living with her daughter in the town of Gore, Ohio, was called to her door in the evening and shot through the head, the murderer escaping unrecognized by even the victim's daughter, who stood beside her.

At Rock Creek, near Kansas City, the other night, a gang of five men attempted to flag the Missouri Pacific train with the intent of robbing it, but the engineer would not stop. The thieves were adroitly run down by detectives, and now the whole gang is in custody. At this rate the highwaymen of the rail will find themselves reduced to short rations, if they do not devise some new and brilliant scheme of robbery.

THREE mutilated corpses found on railroad tracks of Michigan railroads were buried after a verdict of accidental death, but evidences that they were murdered have

led to a disinterment and fresh proceedings. At Howard, Wis., last week, an unknown man was run over by a train and the inquest was likely to end in a verdict of an accidental death, when it was learned that the leg of the defunct was found lying on the track three miles from the corpse. This method of masking murder is very common all over the sparsely settled country.

ONE lost child has been found. Alice Garland, aged five years, was stolen twenty years ago from a Missouri clearing. A dying Cree chief now acknowledges that he stole her and that she is the squaw of a big "Injin" and the mother of an interesting family of papooses. Her "ma" saw her, but she wouldn't recognize her or go back to the pale faces. The days of Indian romance have not passed yet it seems.

JUVENILE highwaymen and lawbreakers of tender years have greatly increased in numbers during the past ten years all over the country. Beginning their apprenticeship so early it is only fair to presume that when the rising generation graduates in crime it will be so far ahead of the police that the devil and his imps will have the bulge on all the cohorts of virtue as epitomized by those avenging angels without wings—the "Bob-bics."

A JERSEY farmer named Browning, who lives near Ellisburg, cannot keep cows, hogs, sheep nor any living thing on his farm. Somebody poisons their feed with arsenic. Guards, dogs, detectives and shot-guns are of no avail, and religious people who are always, with the greatest inconsistency, willing to accuse the Deity of the meanest sort of acts that they cannot explain, say the poisoning is a judgment on Browning for not contributing to the heathen missions. He takes no stock in miracles though, and prefers to offer a reward of \$500 for the arrest of the poisoners.

GUITEAU'S violence in court is not entirely unprecedented, if we may believe the far western press, which is engaged in looking up precedents in the wild-cat courts. For instance, in Yankton, Dakota, not long ago, a convicted murderer cursed the prosecutor and jury, hit the district attorney under the jaw, and made a dash for the bench with the intent of giving the Court a "licking." Ten deputies fell on him, but he fought so desperately that they were tangled up with him on the floor for ten minutes before he was "knocked out of time." The west will not be disconcerted by any such tenderfoot as an eastern Guiteau. The prairie courts can give points every time, and win.

THE interest in the coming prize fight between Paddy Ryan, of Troy, who is backed by the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, is on the increase. The champion, Mike McCool, has been interviewed by a reporter on the subject, and has expressed the opinion that the battle will be one of the most exciting events in the history of the prize ring. He likes the appearance of the Boston Boy, but thinks his ability to win will depend on his capacity to bear up for a length of time under severe punishment. Ryan has been tried in this respect, and McCool acknowledges that he has heard the best opinions expressed concerning him, although he has never seen him.

A LAWYER 84 years old, of Long Island City, L. I., named Daniel H. Stone, has been sentenced to three years in State Prison for perjury in swearing falsely on the trial of a civil action. He is said to have swindled a client out of \$18,000. How ridiculous to sentence a lawyer for a little thing like that! They all do it, only on a more expensive scale—it's a part of the business and no one ever thought of punishing them for being so thoroughly professional as to take all the money a client has, whereas Stone took only a quarter of the "boodle." Maybe it was because he didn't take enough that his confederates rose up against him so furiously and decried his old-fashioned methods of practice,

WOMEN'S PRANKS.

Latest Eccentricities and Peccadilloes of the Fast and Loose of the Fair Sex.

NELBIE CARTER, aged ten years, was arrested in New York on Christmas day for being drunk in the street.

ONE of the allegations made in a Louisville wife's bill of divorce is that her husband, to cure her of jealousy, compelled her to kiss the woman of whom she was jealous, having brought the latter to the house for the purpose.

MRS. GIBBONS, of Ashland, Ky., being found at home with her two murdered children last week, accused her husband, aged 68, of the deed. He is missing and some of the neighbors think he is dead and buried in the cellar, but Mrs. G. sticks to her story.

THE Rev. Mr. Green is to be tried by a church tribunal in St. Joseph, Mo., on a charge of letting a young woman sit in his lap while he was teaching her a Sunday school lesson. He says she insisted on sitting there. She says he pulled her there, saying it was more comfortable, which she acknowledged it was.

A COUNTRY postmaster wrote to the Post-Master-General a day or two ago, saying: "A man's wife dropped a letter in this office addressed to another man. The husband suspects something wrong. Shall I deliver the letter to him?" The postmaster was instructed that the husband could not get the letter in that way.

ONE cake was especially made by the bride herself for the noisy serenaders who were expected to disturb a wedding at Burnhill, Ohio, but the drug which was to have been put into it exclusively was by accident distributed through all the couples. All the guests, and especially the bridegroom, were made ill, so the marriage was postponed.

In the Burlington county, N. J. jail, a mother and daughter were recently serving a term for disorderly conduct, when news came to them that the husband and father, Francis Harmon, had been suffocated while asleep on the edge of a limo kila. Both mother and daughter pledged themselves never to drink again. The family once possessed a happy home.

THE school mistress at Rush Creek, Ohio, is short and slender. Considering her height—nine of the biggest boys concluded that it would be a trifling feat to pick her up bodily and carry her out of the house; but they did not take her activity into account and when they undertook to carry out the plot she fractured one skull with a heavy ruler, scratched several faces terribly and discolored three eyes.

THE trial of Mormonism made by Mack Johnson and his two wives in Kansas City, Mo., was a failure. He married one woman there and one in Wyandotte. His bigamy was soon exposed, but the two wives agreed to a compromise, by which he was to live a week with each in alternation. The arrangement lasted until he overstayd his time with the Kansas City wife, for which the Wyandotte wife shot him.

A YOUNG lady in New York who was accosted by a well-dressed man in an insulting manner, accepted the offer of a woman who was grabbing in an ash barrel close by to cover him with ashes for 10 cents. The biped was pelted with handfuls of ashes, covering him from head to foot before he could escape. The old woman was rewarded with a quarter by the young lady, who remained to witness the operation.

MONEY was sent by a Detroit woman to her daughter in England to bring her with her husband and two children to this country. When the remittance was received the husband was ill in the hospital and the wife was in love with another man. The old plan of having the latter personate the husband, whom the mother had never seen, was immediately carried out. The clopping party were cordially received by the relatives in Detroit and the fraud might not have been discovered if one of the children had not made a casual remark about liking her old papa better than the new one. That led to an exposure of the truth.

N. McFARLAND, a young gentleman of Hannibal, Mo., some time ago wooed and won the hand of Miss Katie Moss, daughter of R. M. Moss, a prominent citizen of Hannibal. The course of true love appeared to run smoothly and recently arrangements have been made for the approaching marriage of the couple. The bride's trousseau was completed and all the details had been arranged. During the evening, Miss Moss left the residence of her father, presumably to purchase some finery to be worn at the wedding. The parents were greatly surprised, however, when a few hours later a messenger arrived from Miss Moss, stating that she had just been married to a young gentleman named Thomas Care and asked to have her trunk given to the messenger. Mr. Moss flew into a violent passion and drawing a revolver threatened to kill the messenger if he did not hand upon the trunk. The bride, old man swore his daughter should never enter his home again and that he would burn her wedding garments immediately.

ONE of the society belles of the West End in St. Louis a few years ago was Miss Miriam Robbins—the only daughter of a wealthy old gentleman living on the southeast corner of Walnut street and Jefferson avenue. She had many admirers, of course, among her gentleman acquaintances and also several suitors, but her father was old and an invalid and as his wife was dead and Miriam was his only daughter he frowned down every advance made for her hand. After a time Miriam lost her health and was sent to a water cure in Cleveland, O. Here she became very much attached to the assistant physician of the cure, Dr. J. North, who was several years her senior. She finally returned home much improved in health. Dr. North happened to be in St. Louis soon after her return home and of course he called on his old patient. Old Mr. Robbins was favorably impressed with the doctor and the latter allowed himself to be persuaded to reside permanently in St. Louis so that he could continue his treatment of the daughter. Dr. North opened an office in a little building erected for him by Mr. Robbins on the lot adjoining his residence, and boarded with the family, and after a time he became a lodger as well. The doctor and Miriam were now engaged, but as the old gentleman was opposed to Miriam's marrying until after his death they could not get married at all unless they did so secretly. They agreed to have a secret marriage and they did so. They were married in the Robbins mansion some three years ago by a Presbyterian minister and the marriage was kept secret from Mr. Robbins until after his daughter's death a few weeks ago. Before dying she had made a will and left all her property, worth, it is stated, \$10,000 to her husband. The will was probated a few days ago and of course the fact that Nancy Miriam Robbins was the wife of Dr. J. H. North leaked out.

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Cesar's infamous old father kept a poisoned key by him and when his holiness wished to rid himself of some one of his familiars he desired him to open a certain wardrobe, but as the lock of this was difficult to turn force was required before the bolt yielded, by which a small point in the handle of the key left a slight scratch upon the hand, which proved mortal.

Alexander VI., on August 17, 1503, gave a dinner to the cardinals with the intention of getting some of them out of his way after the usual fashion. They were to be poisoned with doctored wine, served to them out of special decanters. Caesar assisted his father in these preparations for his guests' comfort.

By accident, however, some of the poisoned wine was served to the Pope and to his worthy son. The result was that Alexander died in frightful torments and Caesar was ill for many months.

His enemies took advantage of his illness to rise against him. For two years he was confined in a Spanish prison. Then he escaped and joined the King of Navarre in a war he was waging against Castile. In besieging the castle of Brivado he was shot on March 12, 1537.

Father and son, in spite of their baseness and cruelty, were great patrons of art and learning. With them the horrors of death and the elegances of life walked hand in hand.

Associated with Alexander and Caesar Borgia is always the name of a sister of one and daughter of the other, Lucretia Borgia.

A very beautiful and learned woman, she was accused of having incestuous communion with her father and brother and with being accessory to their crimes. Research has, however, cleared her of these charges. She was a woman of little strength of mind, who did not oppose the crimes of her father and brother, but it is tolerably certain that she did not join in them and after her marriage with the Duke of Ferrara she passed a quiet and prosperous life till she died in 1532.

Her reputed crimes have formed the foundation for almost numberless romances and Victor Hugo wove from them the plot for the well-known tragedy which bears her name and on which the opera of "Lucretia Borgia" is also founded.

CHAPTER IV.

POISONING AN UNCLE TO WIN A DOWER.

In the renowned city of Coventry, Eng., so famous for the traditional history of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom, there resided in 1831, in a small, homely cottage, an old man and a young girl, Mary Ann Higgins, the daughter of the old man's brother. In her early years she had lost her parents and her uncle, William Higgins, rather than allow her to be cast upon the cold charity of the world, found her a home and brought her up as if she was a child of his own.

As she grew up she found many admirers. One of these was Edward Clarke, a young man of 21 years of age, who had just completed his apprenticeship at the watch-making trade.

His old uncle favored Edward Clarke, for he seemed rather inclined to make the cottage his home; and the old uncle, who really did not want to part with Mary Ann, thought they might, for all he could see, live very happily together.

He had saved a little money which he had no doubt would be useful to him in his old age, and as he still worked he hoped to save considerable more.

One evening, however, during the week after the banns for the approaching marriage between Mary Ann Higgins and Edward Clarke had been published, the poor old uncle was found ill in bed and Mary Ann ran to a neighbor's house screaming and crying, "Oh, do come directly, for my poor uncle is dying!"

The neighbors came in and found William Higgins rolling on the bed apparently in the greatest agony, retching and vomiting in the most violent manner.

"What has your uncle had to eat, Mary Ann?" said one of the neighbors.

"Nothing that I know of," replied the girl, "but a little pea soup for his dinner when he came home."

"Did you have any of it?" said the woman.

"Yes," said Mary Ann. "I had a basin as well and it has not hurt me."

"Is there any left?" said one of the women.

"Yes," said Mary Ann. "There is some in the pot."

In a short time the poor old man expired before medical assistance arrived.

In the meantime the neighbors had found two basins with the remains of the soup in them. They noticed that the soup in one of them looked nice and clear, while the soup in the other appeared to have in it a sediment and whitish-brown powder.

They also saw that there appeared a whitish-brown powder in the vomit which lay in the room.

As they suspected that the poor old man had been poisoned they locked the two basins up in the cupboard. Some time afterward the doctor arrived and on looking at the unfortunate man he at once expressed his belief that he had died of poison. When Mary Ann Higgins was shown the two basins of soup and asked whether she could account for the difference in appearance she said:

"Oh, yes, one was made on the Saturday and the other on the Monday and one I thickened with flour and the other with oatmeal."

A post-mortem examination developed the appearance of arsenic in William Higgins' stomach. It was ascertained that Mary Ann Higgins had purchased arsenic of a chemist in Coventry ostensibly to kill rats with. Elizabeth Russell, a young woman, stated that Mary Ann Higgins stopped her in the street and asked her if she would mind going with her as far as the druggist's. She said no, and they went to a shop where Mary Ann Higgins bought some arsenic. On their way along the street the prisoner looked at the label and threw it away, saying:

"I wonder what he's put that on for; I don't want that on."

The medical evidence showed that the stomach and intestines of the deceased were found to be greatly inflamed and that on analyzing the contents of the stomach a large quantity of arsenic was found.

The remains of the pea soup which the deceased had had for his supper also contained a considerable amount of arsenic.

Upon this suspicious groundwork Mary Ann Higgins and Edward Clarke were arrested.

It was found that Clarke, who used to be very short of money, lately had had a good deal. He had bought himself a watch and some trousers. A beer-house keeper said that Clarke had been in the habit of coming to his house. Mary Ann Higgins had also been in the habit of coming for beer. She had several times lately changed gold at his place, as well as several guineas. On one occasion he lately said to her, "Why, you will change all your fortune away."

One William Crofts said he had lately seen Clarke with a good deal of money and one day he said to him, "You seem pretty flush of money." And Clarke then said, "Yes, fairly." Witness then said to him, "How do you manage it?" Clark replied, "Why, I ask my girl for it and if she don't give it to me I then say, 'Well, I'll be hanged if I'll come again,' and then she goes and fetches it."

One of the men who arrested her had said to the girl, "What a pity it is you have been persuaded to do this by anybody." She replied, "I did it myself, because my uncle had some words with me as at last he was against my marrying Clarke."

The old man had told her that she was to have all he had when he died, and as she wanted to get married she got the arsenic and put two teaspoonfuls into his basin and then poured the soup on it. All the money that Clarke had had from her was three shillings, one half sovereign and one guinea.

The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Mary Ann Higgins and also a verdict against Clarke of being an accessory before and after the fact.

In the following August the two prisoners were tried. Edward Clarke read a very long, elaborate and able statement, in which he begged to assure the jury on his most solemn oath that he was perfectly innocent of the crime imputed to him. He had, he said, not only no hand in the poisoning but he had no knowledge, either before or after the old man's death, that poison had been given to him till he heard it hinted at by the neighbors and afterwards in the statements made before the coroner. He admitted that he was in the house during the time the old man was taking his supper and also during a part of the time he was ill, but he neither saw nor knew anything of poison either having been intended or given to him.

As to the allegations by some of the witnesses that he had been flush of money, they were great exaggerations, for the money that he had had from the girl was but very trifling indeed.

The girl declined to make any statement.

The jury after a brief consultation brought in a verdict of guilty against Mary Ann Higgins and acquitted Clark. The girl was sentenced to death.

She heard the sentence without the slightest emotion. In prison she confessed the guilt it was useless to attempt to conceal any longer, but tried to inculcate Clarke in it. She declared that he had persuaded her to the crime and tutored her how to accomplish it, but had been too cowardly to take an active part in it himself. No credence was placed in her assertions, however, and her sentence was carried out.

An immense throng gathered to witness the execution. Calcraft, the famous hangman, came down from London to strangle her.

When the drop fell the girl bounded and plunged and struggled fearfully in the air. As she was dying very hard Calcraft jumped up and catching hold of her legs swung with his full weight upon her, to try and dislocate her neck or otherwise end her sufferings. With this she was several minutes dying. After hanging the usual time the body was cut down and given over to the surgeons for dissection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECORDS OF CRIME.

Novel and Remarkable Deeds and Devices of the Lawless Classes.

JOHN F. SIMPSON, on trial in Detroit, Mich., the past two weeks for the murder of his wife on the evening of July 30, was found guilty. The couple had previously had a difficulty and had separated and Simpson had threatened to kill her. Neither had borne a very good character. She charged him with the offense in her dying moments, alleging he lay in wait and shot her.

At Hernando, Miss., the county seat of De Soto county, before daylight on Christmas the sixteen prisoners confined in the jail managed to make their escape and up to the present none have been recaptured. All were colored and four of the number were in for murder. The release was effected through the connivance of parties on the outside. As the iron grating of the jail window was sawed through and Nelms, who was in an iron cage with three others, were set free in the same manner, it is generally believed that the father of Ed. Nelms was the instigator of his son's release.

At Jefferson City, Mo., one evening last week, a brutal mulatto, as yet unknown, attempted to commit an outrage upon the person of a 12-year-old daughter of Mr. Albert Nagle. The little girl had been sent for bread and as she was passing an alley near the bakery the negro caught her and said, "Come with me." The girl screamed and the villain becoming alarmed let her go, but again caught her and attempted to carry out his fiendish purpose. The renewed and continued screams of the girl attracted attention and the ruffian, seeing his purpose defeated, made his escape under cover of darkness.

MATT BANKSTON has been sentenced for life at Houston, Texas, for the murder of Frank Gager in Houston on Dec. 28 of last year. Bankston was an engineer on the H. and T. C. Railway and lived in Houston. It being Christmas time he drank considerable whiskey and, with a companion named Colville, got on a street car in the western part of town. Gager was the driver of the car. Bankston ordered him to stop the car and Gager not obeying Bankston seized him by the coat. The driver remonstrated with Bankston, saying there were ladies in the car. Bankston said, "What the hell is that your business?" and, drawing a revolver, shot Gager in the neck, who died of the wound in a few days. The murderer then escaped and fled to Colorado, where he was captured and brought back. The plea of the defense was temporary insanity.

A GENERAL shooting match of the most lively character took place near Fostoria, Ohio, a few days ago. An old man named Gay, who claims to be an inspired Spiritualist, has been testing his powers upon the family of Stephen Day, living near the above-named village, and has so worked upon them as to have the entire family under his control, excepting one son, Ezra Day, who is mayor of the village of Rising Sun. This son has protested against the proceedings of this old spiritualist, for which the inspired crank has threatened Ezra's life. For this threat a warrant was sworn out by Ezra against the spiritualist. It was placed in the hands of a constable to serve, who, knowing the desperate character of his intended prisoner, deputized a couple of young men of the neighborhood to assist him. They found the old man at the Day residence, quickly made known their wants and were promptly met with resistance. The constable and assistants renewed their efforts and were repelled with clubs and pistols in the hands of the spiritualist, assisted by the old man Day and his family of followers. The affray resulted in the constable receiving a bullet wound, the ball entering on the right side, striking a rib, following it for a few inches and coming out in the region of the back. A deputy named William White received a shot, the ball entering on the right side between two of the lower ribs. The other deputy was also wounded and had a gun broken over his head. The constable recovered sufficiently to telegraph to Marshal McDonald for assistance, who chartered an engine on the Columbus & Toledo railroad and repaired thither with a posse of police and captured the whole gang.

UNMASKING A SPIRIT MEDIUM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The country lying round about Rochester, N. Y., has been for half a century the lurking place of all sorts of the darkest superstitions. In that vicinity Joe Smith dug up the book of Mormon and gave life to that prodigious iniquity, and there, too, Spiritualism had its birth through the famous mediums, the Fox sisters. Many of the outlying farms are owned by spiritualists, and they form a little community by themselves, encouraging each other in their crazy delusions. At one of the seances of a materializing medium there last week, there were present several skeptics from Rochester, who were not converted by the cabinet tricks and the ghostly passing of hands over their faces, or the playing of guitars floating through the air. Convinced that these were only slight of hand tricks, the boldest of the party taking a favorable opportunity, made a dash at the cabinet and unmasked the medium in the act of "making-up" for a

ghostly character in theatrical style. There was a "scene" thereupon, and the "spirits" refused to "manifest" any more that evening.

THEY STRUCK BEER.

The Remarkable Flow That Came From a Famous Oil Well in Franklin, Pa.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Any one familiar with the heavy oil developments knows that a goodly part of the drilling is done on the hill known as the "Point," near Franklin, Pa. It rises from the bank of French Creek in a very abrupt manner. Philip Grossman's brewery is situated at the foot of South Park street, on the west side of the creek. His beer vault is on the other side. It is an immense vault, blasted out of the solid rock, and penetrates into the hillside nearly 100 feet. In this is stored large quantities of lager beer. The casks that hold the beer contain on an average about ten barrels each. One cask in the rear end of the vault is used as a supply cask. All the others are connected with this one by pipes, and the supply cask being sunken, is always kept full of beer. The hill at this place is so steep that it cannot be ascended.

Above this vault, on the hilltop, Rial & Son own a lease. They drilled a number of wells on their lease, and they were all profitable. Some time ago they located No. 2 directly over this beer vault. The rig was built and things ran along in the usual manner for about a week. When they had reached a depth of 490 feet, 200 feet less than where they usually find the sand, the drill struck a crevice and dropped away several feet. The tools were withdrawn from the hole and the beller run. It came up seemingly full of oil. Bait as they would they could not exhaust the supply. They decided to tube the well, and were ordered to do so by Mr. Rial. The next day the well was tubed without being shot. They commenced to pump it, and it threw the fluid out at a great rate. Noticing something queer about the oil one of the men tasted it. He found it so good that he put his lips to the pipe and took long gulps of the delicious stuff. First one and then another drank. They became what is known as drunk. The owners visited the well, drank, and were overcome. Operators came to see it, drank, and were overcome. The people of the town who had heard of it went up the hill, drank, and were overcome.

Little by little they came to realize what they had been drinking. One man was found in the crowd who had tasted beer before. He affirmed that it was beer, but they laughed at him. How would this Rip Van Winkle elixir get into the bowels of the earth? At last they decided to call in undoubted authority on the beer question, and sent for Philip Grossman. Grossman came. He tasted it once, twice, and then he tore his hair. "Is it beer?" they asked. "Beer? Yes; it's mein own make. Mein Gott in Himmell, you are pumping mein beer vault dry." Such was the fact, and the way that well was shut down was a caution. They visited the vault and found it to be so. Three of the large casks were empty.

A TRAMP WHO WOULDN'T WASH.

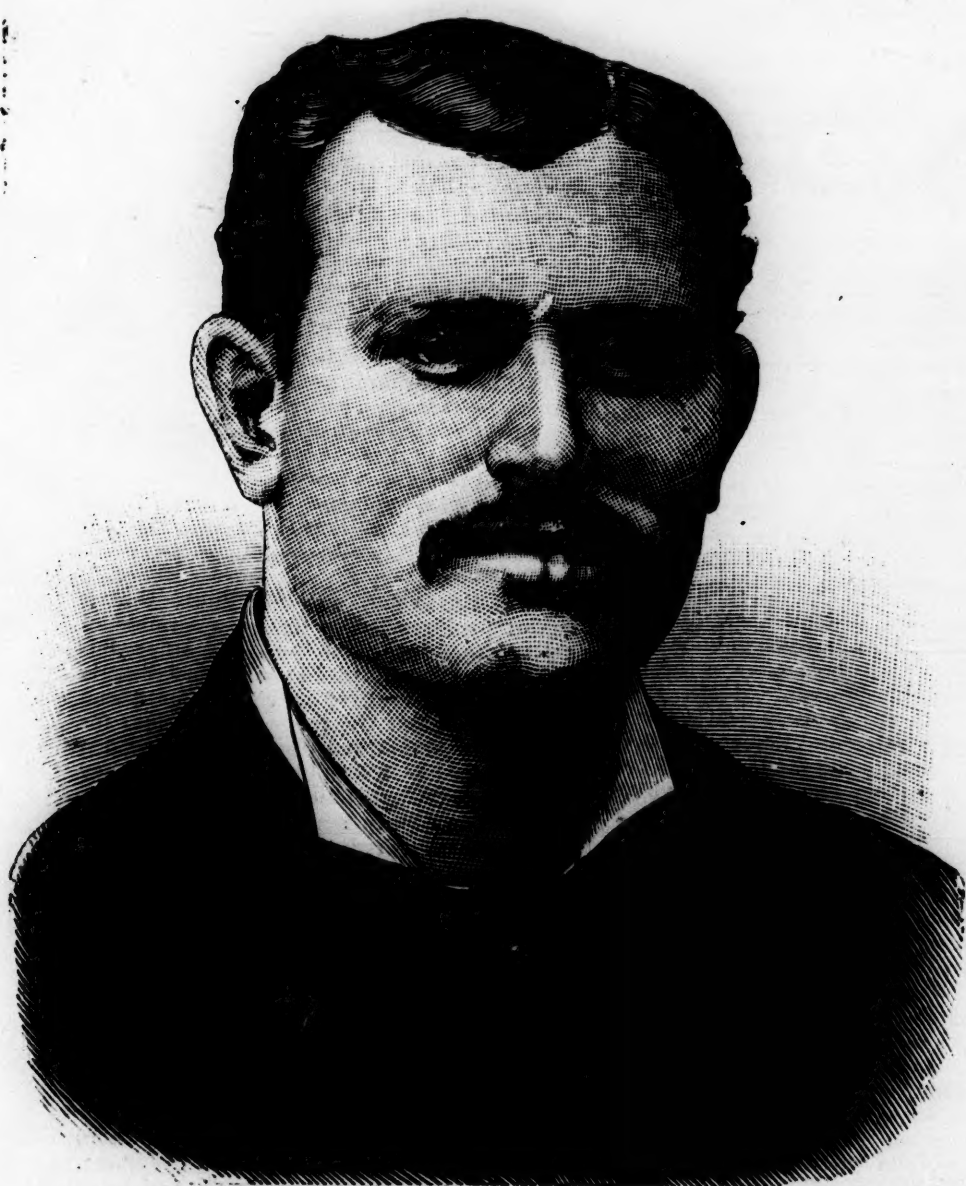
A Brave Yankee Girl Gives a Disguised Ruffian a Lively Fight and Wins.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Kitty Requier, aged 19, lives with her father and keeps house for him in his farm house near the village of Preston, Conn. Kitty is a buxom girl and a veritable beauty and has been sought in marriage by all the young men of the neighborhood for miles around. Her mother has been dead only a year, however, and Kitty, like the good girl she is, prefers to remain with her father to cheer him up and make him comfortable. On New Year's eve Kitty's father drove over to the village to meet some boon companions who had determined to see the old year out and the new year in, in the good old-fashioned style, leaving his daughter alone in the house. At 9 o'clock there came a knock at the door and the girl opened. To her astonishment an aged and decrepit negro tramp with grey hair and coal black face tottered in, leaning on a stick. He asked her for something to eat. She eyed him sharply by the light of a blazing fire of logs.

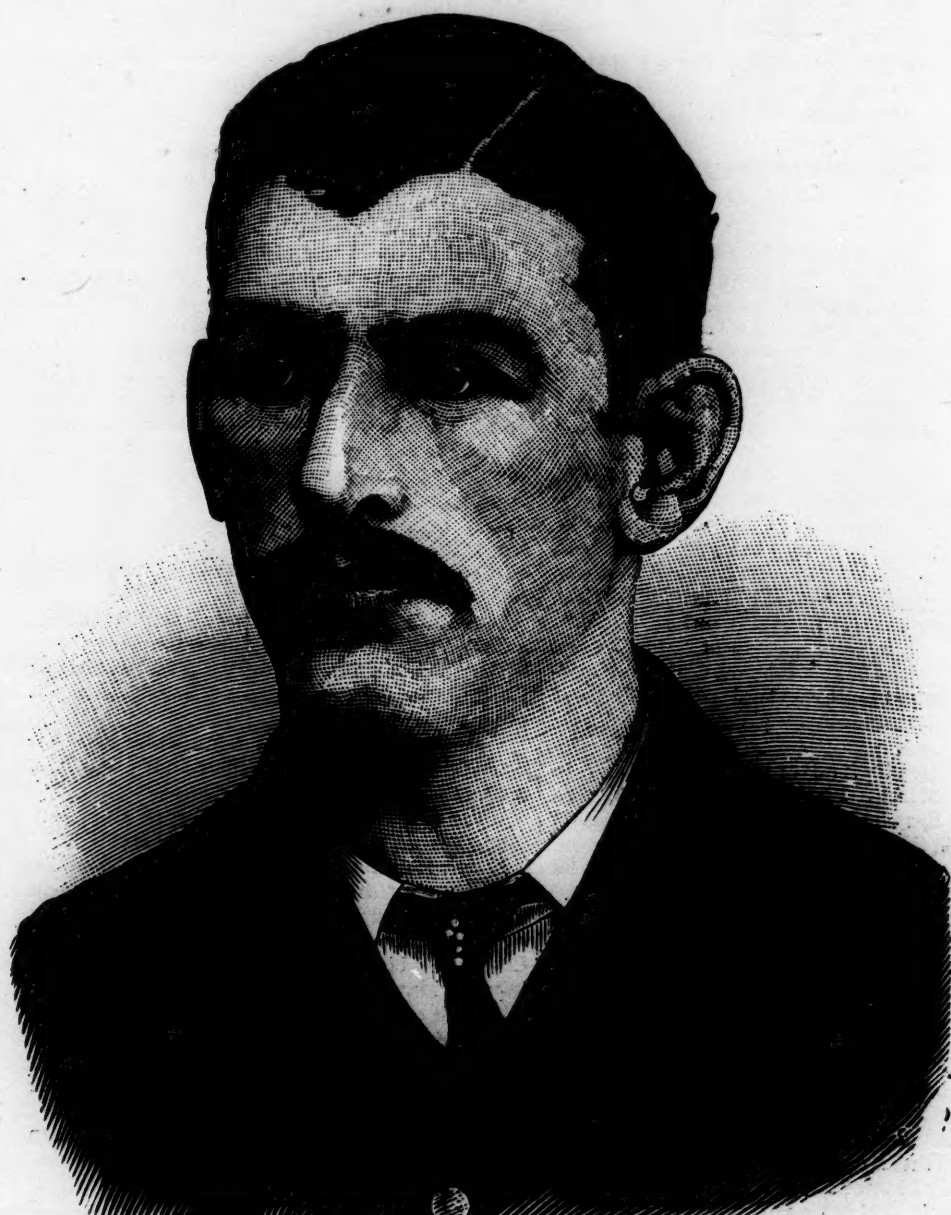
"You're no nigger!" cried she, suddenly; "You've got blue eyes—who ever saw a nigger with blue eyes," and with this she rubbed her hand across his face and the black came off. The nigger was not a fast color.

Seeing his game was up, the man (a white man named Luke Martin, an English farm hand) threw away his walking-stick and boldly announced his intentions. A desperate struggle ensued, the villain intent on rape, employing all his brutal force to accomplish his purpose; however, after a ten minutes' fight in which she was severely handled, she managed to lay hands on the poker as they were rolling together on the floor in the desperate battle. With a chance blow of this weapon on the temple, she stunned the ruffian then tying his hands and feet securely, she dragged him out to the horse trough and pumped water on him until the black was washed off his face, and he, almost drowned, returned to consciousness. Then the brave girl hitched up a team, flung him into the wagon and drove off to the village, surprising her father and her friends by dragging her captive into the bar-room. There she fainted.



PADDY RYAN, OF TROY, N. Y.,

CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF AMERICA.



JOHN L. SULLIVAN, OF BOSTON, MASS.,

MATCHED TO FIGHT PADDY RYAN.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

[Photo by John Wood.]

The Big Prize Fight.

In this week's issue we publish the pictures of Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist of the world, and John L. Sullivan, the phenomenal boxer of Boston, Mass., who are to meet in the arena in Feb., 1882, within one hundred miles of New Orleans, La., and fight according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring for \$5,000 and the championship of the world.

Ryan's backer is Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, while James Keenan, of Portland street, Boston, Mass., the owner of Emma B., is the principal backer of Sullivan.

Paddy Ryan, the POLICE GAZETTE champion pugilist, was born in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853. He has resided in Troy, N. Y., since he was a boy, and he is 1-2 inch more than a six-footer, without shoes, and his ordinary weight is 221 pounds.

He has only fought once in the prize ring, and that engagement was with Joe Goss, ex-champion of England. The battle was fought near Collier's Station, in Brooke County, West Virginia, on June 1, 1880. Ryan was a novice at the time, but he proved he was a wonderful pugilist, and won after a long and desperate battle which lasted through 87 rounds, fought in 1 hour and 27 minutes.

Only a few old ring men and sporting men who are judges and able to decide on the merits of pugilists witnessed that battle, and therefore there are few who can judge of Ryan's ability as a pugilist. Goss' friends claimed that he was old and stale and that it was all that Ryan could do to win; be that as it may, Ryan made a great fight and won on his merits. In regard to Ryan's condition we may state that he should not have been allowed to

fight Goss on that day, because he was not in condition, and he entered the ring a sick man, which only his friends knew. Goss made a great fight and for nearly thirty rounds pun-

ished Ryan terribly and looked every inch a winner. It must be understood that Ryan never fought in the ring while Goss was a prize ring hero of two countries, a pugilist who

had faced the cleverest pugilist England ever produced and whose science and pluck could not for a moment be questioned.

Ryan's pluck and tremendous hitting won the battle and although Goss was defeated he was not disgraced.

Ryan will be trained by Johnny Roche, of the Fourth Ward, a noted pugilist, who trained Walter Jamison, better known as Sam Collyer, when he fought Barney Aaron, Johnny McGlade and Billy Kelly, and who also prepared Ryan for his battle with Joe Goss for the championship of America.

Sullivan will be trained by Billy Madden, who has had great experience in prize ring matters, and who has fought three times in the magic circle.

There is every indication that Ryan and Sullivan will meet in the ring, for both pugilists are in earnest and eager to settle the mooted question of who is the best man, while the backers of both pugilists are anxious to see the battle fought and the best man win.

The battle-ground is to be a long way from New York, but this fact alone proves that all parties interested are eager to see the question of who is the best man decided, for had West Virginia or Canada been named for the battle-ground it is almost certain that the battle would be prevented. Mace and Allen fought at New Orleans, La., in May, 1870, and the battle was conducted in an orderly manner, so that the authorities could not claim that there was any row, outrages, etc., committed by either the pugilists or their followers. Later, Jem Mace and Joe Coburn fought for \$5,000 at Bay St. Louis, and the battle was not interfered with by the authorities.

The seclusion of the battle-ground will keep away the large number of disreputable characters who attend these meetings and help to



COLORS OF PADDY RYAN, CHAMPION PUGILIST OF AMERICA.

Ryan's Colors are for sale only at the POLICE GAZETTE Office, New York.

break them up by questionable practices outside of the enclosure. If both men train and enter the ring in fighting condition, it will be one of the greatest battles fought since Hyer whipped Yankee Sullivan thirty years ago.

Ryan recently gave an exhibition in Cincinnati, and met with a tremendous ovation. He appeared in a passage at arms with Charley McDonald, but he might just as well have had a baby in front of him, for he was no match for the champion and there are many boxers in Gotham who can excel McDonald in boxing but they cannot in talking. Ryan is now training at New Orleans.

The colors of Paddy Ryan, the champion pugilist, represent America, Ireland, and the State of New York. The colors are a white silk handkerchief with red, white and blue border, representing the national colors. In the centre is an eagle standing on a globe, the latter colored blue and dotted with stars. In the center of the inscription, "Paddy Ryan, champion of America." The eagle holds a scroll with the inscription, "POLICE GAZETTE, New York, 1881." In the left hand corner is an Irish harp, in the right hand corner a sunburst, which is an emblem of the Fenian Brotherhood. In the lower left hand corner is an American shield, and in the lower right hand corner, "Excelsior," representing the seal of New York



THE ASSASSIN GUITAU
(WITH HIS CHEEK UNCOVERED).

not only able but willing to stand punishment was proved in his fight with Goss, and his backers will miss their guess considerably if the sequel does not prove that his powers have not been over estimated. Sullivan will need both pluck and luck in the coming encounter, which will, we think, be settled in twenty rounds, or less, and at the close of the contest we think the champion belt will be found in Ryan's corner.

Sullivan's colors for his great battle with Paddy Ryan will be a white silk handkerchief with a green border; in the left hand upper corner will be an American flag, in the right hand upper corner an Irish flag, in the lower left hand corner an American flag, and in the lower right hand corner an Irish flag. In the center will be the American eagle. The colors will be made in England and promise to be a beautiful design.



PROF. W. S. CHASE,
BIGAMIST; HUNTINGDON, PA.



JOCKO AS A WITNESS.

A MONKEY IDENTIFIES THE MURDERERS OF HIS MASTER; NEAR CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.

mate. The leading artist in New York designed Ryan's colors, and they excel any ever seen. Ryan's colors are for sale at the POLICE GAZETTE office, 183 William street, New York, and they are pronounced the most elaborate and magnificent that were ever designed for any pugilist, not excepting Heenan and Sayers', Mace and King's. John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., was born in that city, Oct. 15, 1858. He stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches in his stockings, and weighs 175 pounds trained in condition. He was brought up in Boston and since he was 16 years of age he has figured at boxing exhibitions there. He has never fought a regular prize fight, but he has won considerable fame by "besting" the local pugilists with gloves. He is now training near New Orleans, under the mentorship of Billy Madden.

The backers of Sullivan seem very confident of his ability to whip Ryan without much difficulty, but in speculating on the chances these facts must be taken into consideration. Sullivan is undoubtedly a hard hitter, but will the rushes, which in his victories with the gloves have given him so much prestige, prove equally available against the cool generalship of a man like Ryan? A number of experts think not, and while they are willing to admit that Sullivan is a first-class man in a glove contest, yet they do not believe he possesses the pluck and stamina necessary to become a great pugilist. To be sure, he whipped Flood easily, but that proves nothing. Flood was a greenhorn, and as such was set up by the "fancy" as a bag for Sullivan to practice on. Ryan, on the contrary, is the possessor of undoubted stamina and of some little science. That he is



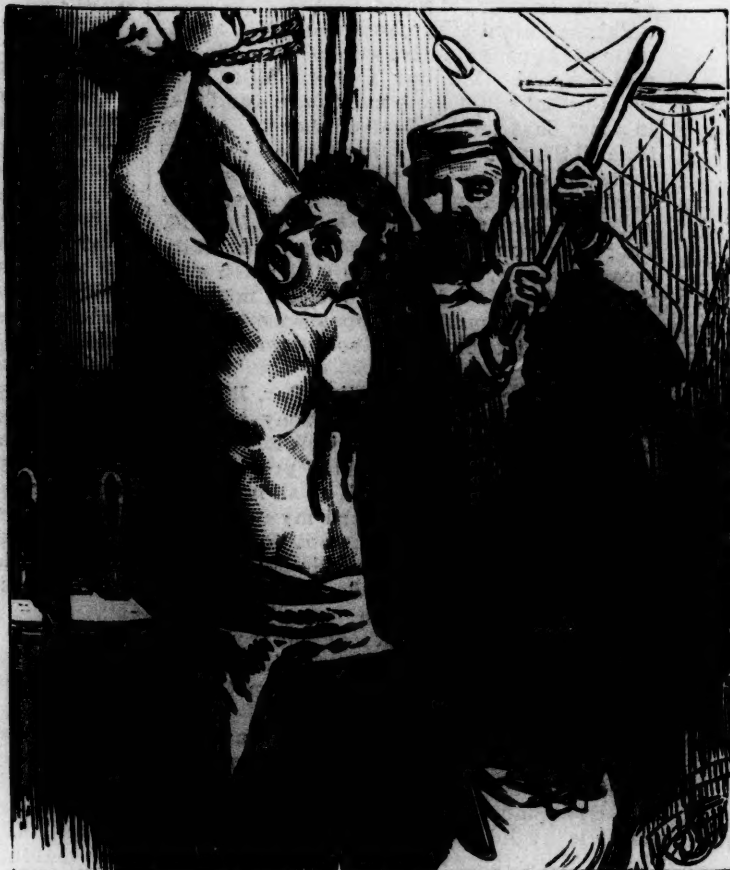
FLEECING THE YOUNG BLOODS.

HOW THE DRUMMERS AND THE SIRENS JOIN FORCES IN COMMERCIAL TRANSACTIONS IN THE PALACES OF SIN; NEW YORK CITY.

A Cruel Set of Sea Dogs.

A remarkable case of cruelty on shipboard is now under investigation before U. S. Commissioner Shields in New York. Jesse C. Millais, second mate of the bark Davy Crockett, was arrested immediately on the arrival of the vessel in port on the complaint of a "shanghaied" man of the crew, named Andreas Storek, who was taken aboard the vessel against his will at San Francisco. The complainant, who is 60 years of age, stated, and had several witnesses to corroborate his story, that he had not been five days on board the Davy Crockett, before the second mate kicked him so badly that he could hardly stand. On one day alone Millais gave him as many as twenty-eight blows and kicks. When Cape Horn was sighted, the witness received a blow with a plank which cleanly took off one of his finger-nails. He showed the court his finger in corroboration of his statement. On another occasion Millais went to the galley and heated an iron, with which he branded the witness in five different places. When called upon to show the brands, Storek pulled up one of his trowser legs. Several deep scars were exposed to view, sending a thrill of horror through the spectators.

One cold winter's day, the old man continued, Millais stripped him



SKINNING A SAILOR.

A MATE'S SHOCKING BRUTALITY TO ONE OF HIS CREW ON A VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK.

naked and ordered a negro to give him a scraping. The darkey performed the task with a block-scraper, almost skinning the victim completely in some portions of the body. As soon as it was discovered that Storek knew nothing of seafaring, he was assigned to do the dirtiest work on board the vessel. This included the care of four hogs, who were kept in a pen in the forward part of the vessel. One day while cleaning out this pen, and putting the dirt and manure it contained into a sack kept for the purpose, Storek was surprised by the second mate. The latter, without giving any reason for his action

took the sack and swung it on to Storek's head, thereby filling his eyes and mouth, and covering his entire person with the manure. One of the second mate's favorite practices was to seize Storek, who is a small man, bodily in his brawny arms, and then throw him down with all his force on the deck.

When Millais began to fear that Storek would make some trouble for him in this city, he repeatedly urged him to commit suicide.

"I mean to live as long as God lets me," returned Storek, on one occasion.

In another moment he was taken up bodily by the second mate and held over the ship's side with the result of frightening him terribly and bringing on a serious fit of illness. The poor wretch displayed in court bruises on his chest, arms, head, face and legs, and aroused much sympathy. He was indeed a pitiable object. The mate glared at him ferociously during the examination, and evidently would have liked nothing better than to have had the poor wretch far out at sea on the deck of his good ship.

VOLUME

TIGHTLY

BOUND

BEST COPY

A NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY PARSON!

He Makes a Young Woman His Daughter in Public and His Mistress in Private.

Nursing Her in His Lap and Calling It an Invalid Chair For His "Dear Little Baby Wife."

A seventy-year-old parson, the Rev. Richard Page of Cincinnati, has taken the cake in rivalry with all the crooked dominies who have as yet been found out. After a year of whispered scandal his mistress, a refined and handsome woman named Minnie Randall, gives him away in this fashion by word of mouth, besides offering two or three dozen of his letters addressing her in the red-hot style of a twenty-year old lover:

Thirteen months ago, says she, I was an inmate of the consumptive ward of the Cincinnati Hospital. One day I was notified that the Hospital could do no more for me and that in a few days I would be discharged. At the time all the money I had in the world was 20 cents and as may be supposed the information filled me with dismay, for I was too sick to work and I knew not where to turn for aid. That afternoon I cried a good deal but finally became calmer, though I was still much worried. In the midst of my troubles a missionary clergyman made his appearance and he, noticing my troubled look, soon came to my bedside.

He introduced himself as the Rev. Richard Page and asked me the cause of my trouble. Sorely pressed as I was at the time for a friend and comforter, his visit seemed providential and I soon unbosomed myself of all my trouble and tribulation. He heard my story with the greatest interest, told me not to be despondent, that God would provide for me, and when leaving gave me a dollar and promised to see me the next day. He came promptly, according to promise, and took me from the Hospital to quarters he had provided for me. For several days he was very attentive to me, and told me he was a widower.

After a few weeks he removed me to a room at the corner of Fifth and Plum streets. By this time he acknowledged to me that he was a married man, but he said his wife was a paralytic invalid and had been such for twenty years. While there he told me that he had gone to the Probate Court and had legally adopted me as his daughter. At this time he was as attentive and careful of me as the most devoted lover. He took me to the Central Church on Ninth street and introduced me to his friends as his adopted daughter. Owing to my personal gifts and his representations I made many friends in this church who not only called to see me at stated times, but were very kind to me otherwise.

Among those who visited me were Rev. Mr. Mitchell and Rev. Mr. Crotty, both city missionaries. None of them were, however, as devoted as Mr. Page and notwithstanding the fact that he was over seventy years of age I soon began to love him blindly. He in turn professed the utmost affection for me and if anything kept him away from me for a single day he would write to me in the most endearing terms explaining his absence.

At last he got such a mastery over me that he proposed to me that I should be a wife to him. I demurred at first but he soon overcame my scruples. He lived at South Side and he generally called on me about ten o'clock in the morning and remained till about four in the afternoon, barely giving himself time to get to the train. Of course this did not occur every day but fully three times a week. Last summer he got his son to get him a pass to Louisville and return, so that he could attend the session of the Episcopal synod held there. Instead of going to the synod he came to my room by appointment and put his carpet-sack in my wardrobe.

We soon retired and had hardly done so when there was a knock on the door. As you may well suppose both of us were scared almost to death. I whispered to him that I must respond to the summons. I said to him "Take your clothes and get into the wardrobe."

It had a knob on the inside of the door but none on the outside and I told him to hold it shut tight at all hazards. He took his clothing and got into the wardrobe as I directed, when I opened the door. I found that my caller was the Rev. Mr. Mitchell. Said he, "Sister, I have been so busy that I could not call before nightfall, so I thought I would stop on my way home. I have a dollar for you; it is not much but it will assist you some." I took the money and invited him to take off his hat and sit down. Said he, "No; I have only a few moments to stay." I saw by his movements that he suspected that something was wrong. Before opening the door I had turned Mr. Page's pillow and smoothed the bedding as best I could in the moment at my disposal.

He walked into the room and said "Sister, you have a very nice bed." I replied "Yes, and I have a very nice landlady, too." He looked closely at the rest of my furniture and finally said, "Sister, can I inspect your wardrobe? It seems to be a very nice one." I had a nurse at the time who had gone home for a few days, so I replied, "Nurse generally looks it when she goes home. If it is not locked you are at perfect liberty to look into it."

We tried to open the door, but Mr. Page held fast on the inside and he had to give up the attempt. He left in a few moments and then Mr. Page and I again retired. He stayed in my room for three days and nights until the synod had adjourned and then he took his carpet-sack and went home. My next place of sojourn was at Mrs. Sweeney's, 494 West Fifth street. I remained there several weeks. Mr. Page constantly visiting me and defraying all my bills. He bought me costly clothing and gave me money in abundance, ranging in sums from \$10 to \$50. My health still continued poorly and during a portion of the summer I went to Dayton, Ky., to reside with some relatives. Mr. Page visited me there constantly and was very attentive all the time, keeping up our illicit connections. In August he removed me to Mrs. Westerkamp's, here telling them that I was his adopted daughter. He visited me constantly here and was as attentive as ever until the physicians he had employed to doctor me told him that they could do nothing to benefit me while he continued his intercourse with me. He then began paying attentions to another woman. One day about three weeks ago he told me that he had to go up-town on business. I took Mrs. Westerkamp's little boy with me and followed him and saw him walking with a woman on Fourth street. That afternoon he returned to my room and told me how sorry he was that business called him away from my side. I told him what I had seen, when he got mad. We had a spat and he called me a filthy name and left me.

A few days after I wrote him a letter, telling him that I would not permit him to desert me after ruining me. He came to see me in response to it and said that he had no money. He took his preaching gown and Bible away from my room and that's the last I saw of him. I was a good, decent Christian woman until he ruined me and now he has left me sick and forlorn, without a dollar to provide for my wants or the physical ability to earn one.

Mr. and Mrs. Westerkamp, who are the parties from whom Mrs. Randall rents her room, are hard-working, decent people. The husband is a German, and stands in market. His wife is an Irish woman, who aids her spouse in eking out the family income by renting rooms in their domicile to students and others. Her story comprehends that of her husband, and is substantially as follows: "One day last week a fine-looking old preacher came to my door and asked me if I had a furnished room to rent. I told him that I had, and took him up and showed him the second story front rooms. He asked the rent and I told him \$10 a month. He then said that the room was not for himself but for a dear, good, sick Christian lady, who was over the river and too far away from her friends. "Nobody but myself, Mrs. Governor Bishop and a few other ladies of her church will call on her, and she will be more of a companion to you than a boarder," said he. I thought as she was such a nice lady I could make a reduction to her, and I finally agreed to let her have the room for \$8 a month and board her for \$4 a week from my own table. "Give her every care and attention that you can," said the preacher, "and I will pay all the bills."

That afternoon he brought her to the house in a carriage, and he took her in his arms and carried her to the room, where he placed her on the bed. "She's my own darling adopted daughter," said he; "my sweet little Minnie Page, and nothing is too good for her." He came to see her every day, and nobody could be kinder to her. She had everything that she could desire, from baskets of fruits to the richest silks and linens. I had a couple of medical students in my parlor, and they wanted to get the upstairs room. I spoke to Mrs. Randall about it and she consented to the change.

Then Mr. Page bought her a new set of elegant furniture for it. He used to come in the morning and stay late in the afternoon, but I did not suspect that anything was wrong, as he used to take her regularly to church, and he said that his wife in the country was a confirmed invalid, and that he spent the nights with her and the days with his dear adopted daughter. I thought the poor fellow had a hard time of it, until one day I went into the room and found him sitting in the rocking-chair holding Mrs. Randall in his lap. She was in her night-clothes and he laughed and said he was her 'invalid chair.' A few days after he put a bolt on the door so that I could not get in the room unless they chose to let me. I was very angry; but he said that he put it there so that his darling daughter would not be subject to the visits of my children while she would be taking her sponge baths.

He paid me regularly for her board every week, and for her room rent in advance up to the 21st of this month. About three or four weeks ago Mrs. Randall and he had a falling out about another woman that she accused him of going with and he left her, and said he would do no more for her. He left her in a towering rage, and was so mad that he dropped his Bibles on the pavement across the street. He owed me for pretty nearly three weeks' board for her, and I sent my husband down to South Side to see him about it. He told my husband that he had no more money to pay for her, and that he had given her too much already."

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in Which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

JOHN WELLS, who killed his father-in-law in October, 1879, at Leavenworth, Kansas, was last week found guilty of murder in the first degree. He is to be imprisoned one year and then hanged.

LAST week at Bismarck, about eight miles from Danville, Ill., Charles Brown shot and fatally wounded Bert Stewart. The shot took effect in the right temple and penetrated the brain. Both parties are aged about 18 and the trouble between them originated in some mischief at school.

A. D. WILSON was shot dead by a person unknown while at supper with his family in Chesterfield county S. C. Wilson had recently been prosecuted for violating the internal revenue laws and was summoned as a witness for the Government in a similar case. He had expressed the fear that he would not be alive when the court met.

Two probable fatal difficulties occurred in the suburbs of Montgomery, Ala., last week. J. W. Brand, a white man, shot Charles Payne, colored, through the lungs. The difficulty grew out of the negro throwing stones at a boy. Patrick Boyd shot C. H. Campbell for breaking a washbowl over the head of Boyd's wife. Both the latter are negroes. Brand and Boyd are under arrest.

H. H. BRUNS, a lumber dealer of Cincinnati, Ohio, was shot and instantly killed by August Koors, his brother-in-law. Both live in Covington, Ky. Bruns' wife brought suit for divorce some time ago and the matter set up in Bruns' answer was considered an offense by Koors. They met in front of Harris' saloon on Scott street, Covington, where the fatal shot was fired.

Two cutting and two shooting affrays occurred in Atlanta, Ga., during holiday week. Geo. Harris cut Tim Helbert in two places on the shoulder with a hatchet. Bob Raltaro cut T. J. Awtry on the shoulder. Floyd Hobbs shot George McHenry under the eye and in the side. Fred Mitchell shot Henry Moore in the head. The wound may result fatally. W. B. Steele was shot by James T. Davis near Hawkinsville, Ga.

A PRIVATE despatch received in Leavenworth, Kansas, last week, has the following in reference to the cowboys who figured in the last escapade at Caldwell: "The desperadoes are, according to what I can learn, corralled down in the Black Jacks near Canonment, I. T., by the Indian scouts, who have taken their horses and are fighting them. We want them up here badly and will have another matinee when they come in."

A HOLIDAY affray occurred last week in Mott street, New York city, in front of a notorious tenement called the "Barracks." Four Italians were stabbed. One was killed outright, another mortally wounded and the other two slightly injured. Pasquale Lavarino was killed, Antonio Lavarino mortally wounded and a boy of 17 years, named Felice Leporello, was suffering from a stab wound in the back. It was he who did the stiletto business for the rest, and when he gets out of the hospital he will be tried for the bloody business.

ABOUT seven months ago Christiana Hodges, a white girl, and Albert Bolen were employed at the Central House, Indianola, where Bolen, who is a negro, committed a criminal outrage on the girl and soon after went to Des Moines, Iowa. The girl kept the matter secret until nature revealed her condition. She then went to Des Moines and informed Bolen that he must take care of her. He took her to the house of Mrs. Jane Moss, who the next day brutally assaulted her, causing the premature birth of the child and fatally injuring the mother.

A NEGRO and a farmer named George Alton were playing cards in a saloon in the village of Rosemont, Minn., when Alton won \$1, at which the negro became incensed and going to Gerrity's store bought a razor, saying openly at the time that he intended to return and kill Alton. On going to the saloon he found Alton had left and then followed him the distance of a mile and a half and overtook him. Drawing his razor he made a slash at Alton's neck, but the latter threw up his arm and seized his assailant's hand, which he forced down in such a way that the razor struck his abdomen, cutting a four-inch wound from which he died shortly afterward.

DR. C. H. ROSENHAUER, who lived on a plantation about ten miles from Pine Bluff, Ark., was shot to death one night last week while seated in the arm chair before the fire in the sitting-room of his mansion, known as the White House. The weapon used was a shot gun. Thirteen shots took effect in the right side of his head and the back of the chair was riddled with shot. The doctor had been a resident of the neighborhood for over a year, having come from Arcola, Miss. Although possessed of some good qualities, his private life was not above reproach. About a year ago he induced Stella Smith, the white wife of Lee Chow, a Chinaman of Little Rock, to leave her husband and act as his housekeeper. About the first of last month Lee Chow went to Pine Bluff and while there paid his truant wife a visit and prevailed upon her to return with

him to the capital. There are two theories as to the perpetration of the murder. One is that it was done by Lee Chow or a Chinese accomplice and the other that he was shot by Fred Jones, colored, with whom he had had trouble. The latter has been arrested and telegrams have been sent to Little Rock to ascertain the whereabouts of Lee Chow and other Chinamen who have made threats against the doctor's life.

BERTHA'S CANINE PLEDGE.

A "Fresh" Fawnbroker Wants a Kiss as a Pledge, and Gets Himself Chawed Up.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Bertha Letto, a beautiful but rather fast young woman of Baltimore, Md., has for a pet a Siberian bloodhound of gigantic proportions and savage instincts. She has the dog with her on all promenades when her favored lovers are not of the company, and the animal, which is much attached to her, has done good service in keeping two-legged puppies at a distance. The fair Bertha, through extravagance, was short of money to buy her darling George a New Year's gift, and in order to raise the wind without his knowledge was obliged to visit her uncle. She determined to part with a beautiful diamond ring for a time, in order that she might surprise him. Accordingly she repaired to a pawn shop. The old man, the boss of the ranche, was at dinner and his nephew, a young "sheeny" of fast proclivities, was behind the counter.

The young woman held out her hand to display the ring and the Hebrew, losing his head, seized the digits and pressed his lips to them declaring he would give more for a kiss of those lips of hers than any pawnbroker would give for the ring. He refused to take the ring and insisted on the kiss, and was coming over the counter to get it, when the young lady withdrawing her hand, said: "Well, if you will not take the ring, what will you give for this," and at this moment the bloodhound placed his forepaws on the counter and gaped with his hungry jaws at the Jew. Before Abraham could retire he lost his necktie, scarf pin, collar, the bosom of his shirt and a piece out of the seat of his trousers. The young woman left the place in triumph when she had succeeded in pacifying her frantic dog.

A PROFESSOR OF BIGAMY.

(With Portrait.)

A high-toned professor of a young lady school in Medway, Mass., named Walter Chase, is accused of having too many wives. First there was Mary Jane Chase; then he married a Miss McElroy, a school teacher, and finally had to skip for taking liberties with his young lady pupils and giving them practical illustrations of Ovid that will not bear description to ears polite. He was arrested in Huntingdon, Pa., where he had obtained a school and was highly respected, and taken to the Tombs, N. Y. City.

Late developments seem to indicate that he has four wives. Mr. Quackenbos, the counsel for Mrs. Chase, whom he designates as wife No. 2, says that they are in search of wife No. 4, who resides in New Jersey.

Wife No. 2 followed the fellow up upon hearing of his marriage with Miss Alice McElroy of Medway, Mass., and secured his arrest. He claims to have secured a divorce before he married Miss McElroy. The papers, however, bear date Oct. 10, 1931, yet his marriage with wife No. 3 was on Oct. 1, 1831. There is no court title on the papers and when counsel called at the office designated in the papers he was unable to find J. P. Clark, whose name was signed to them. The office is one of those "divorce without publicity" affairs.

Wife No. 3 was in court with Chase, having accompanied him from Huntingdon. When he was ordered to the Tombs she wept and sought the officers to allow her to accompany him to the lockup. Wife No. 2, who is prosecuting him, is now stopping with her uncle at 137 East Thirteenth street, New York.

A TEACHER THRASHED BY GIRLS.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At Constantia, New York, George Fuller, the new district school teacher this winter, has manifested a strong disciplinary disposition and has become especially obnoxious for that reason among the young girls who are his pupils. They have taken the ground that it is too humiliating for young women to submit to corporal punishment at his hands. A few days ago he attempted to punish Nell Cook for violating the rules of the school room, whereupon she pitched into him and assisted by her cousin Lizzie took his rule away and administered a sound thrashing to him. He came out of the scrimmage with his clothes in tatters, with a black eye, a bruised nose, a broken finger and a lameness in every bone of his body, as he declared. The young ladies have made themselves famous in the neighborhood, but have ruined their chances ever getting married. The boys are afraid of them.

The 17 year old daughter of Dr. Proetzman, wealthy and prominent citizen of Lincoln, Neb., eloped on Christmas night with her father's hostler, H. Zeidell, a man of 40 years, rascally, and of little account. The girl is said to have a family east. The girl is handsome and accomplished.

GRINNING AT DEATH.

Guiteau Airing His Wit in the Face of the Hangman.

Committed to the Dock, He Still Plays His Crazy Part With Devilish Cunning.

[With Portrait.]

We present in this issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, of New York, an authentic portrait of Guiteau as he appears without his beard, the effect of his hirsute loss being to make him appear even more Mephistophelean than before. The trial is nearing its end and has been reduced to a dreary repetition of experts to the effect that Guiteau is not insane, but is merely playing a part very awkwardly.

The prisoner's conduct became so obstreperous during last week that the Court lost all patience with him and the counsel got into a general muss over him. Mr. Scoville said he was as anxious as anyone that the assassin should be made to keep quiet. Guiteau retorted that he spoke because Scoville was a jackass in the case two-thirds of the time. Mr. Corkhill insisted that the prisoner should be placed in the dock. This was done, despite the assassin's whining that he might be shot by some one in the audience. For a few moments the prisoner was quiet, but when the plaster cast of his head was handed around he broke out again with a laugh, saying, "Why, it looks like Humpty Dumpty." Then he went on interrupting the witnesses, remarking among other things, "There are two kinds of insanity, Corkhill: rank insanity and the Abraham style of insanity. I belong to the Abraham school." He suggested to the Court several times that the witnesses should simply tell what they know about Abraham, then get their money and go home. The spectators of his antics were kept in roars of laughter.

Each day the prisoner alluded to the risk he ran of being shot. Said he on Thursday, "The first thing you know some crank will be shooting at me. He will not hit me but he is liable to hit some one else." A letter which Guiteau had written to Don Cameron asking the loan of \$500, but which was intercepted by Scoville, was presented to a witness for his judgment as to whether a man who could seriously write thus to a stranger was thoroughly sane.

Then the prisoner broke out again. Said he: "If my brother had presented the letter he would probably have got the money. But as he would not be decent but preferred to act in a mean, dirty way he did not get the money. Did you never borrow money, Scoville?"

Guiteau took offense at Scoville's pressing the witness with questions in regard to his sanity. He retorted at various points in the cross-examination, saying among other things, "If you had sent that letter, Scoville, to Senator Cameron you would have evidence that you were a crank. But you have got no standing with such men as Cameron. You do not know how to treat them. I was in friendly relations with Senator Cameron and there was nothing strange in my writing that letter. Anybody but a numbskull like Scoville would see it. I claim to be on perfectly friendly relations with Senator Cameron. I have met him and know him and he knows me. There is nothing inconsistent in my writing to him for money. If my brother had delivered the letter like a decent man I would have probably got the money. You had better get off the case, Scoville, and go back to Chicago. My brother, too, had better go back to Boston and try to get some money to pay his debts."

Dr. Walter Kempster, of Winnebago, Wis., superintendent of the Northern Hospital for the Insane, testified that he had examined the head of the prisoner and had thought that the deviations in it were more marked than were shown by the plaster cast. He was satisfied there was no shape of the head that indicated insanity. The witness showed to the jury diagrams of the heads of various persons who, he said, were all of prominence. Among them were the heads of Judge Carter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; Judge Wylie, Treasurer Gillfillen, Gov. Clifton, Robert G. Ingersoll and District Attorney Corkhill. In pointing out the deviations in the various heads the witness said that that of Mr. Ingersoll bulged out very much on one side.

"It bulges out on the wrong side, doesn't it?" suggested Mr. Davidge.

"It shows," said Guiteau with an impish grin, "that Ingersoll and I are badly cracked." The witness continued: "Col. Corkhill's head has a very marked impression upon one side." The assassin burst into a laugh, saying, "I bet you could put your foot in the depression in his head."

Witness continued that the depression was very similar to that noticed in the prisoner's head. "Oh, he's cracked worse than I am," said Guiteau.

The trial during the week degenerated into a fierce wrangle between the opposing lawyers, who lost their tempers all around.

In the course of the quarrel Judge Porter protested against the course taken by Mr. Scoville in the cross examination as, he said, it was a waste of valuable time.

This was the cue for Guiteau again. "You are getting tired of this case," said he. "So

am I. I am tired, too. Suppose you withdraw the indictment and let us go home."

The next thing in order now is the final haranguing of the jury by counsel. And then—the hangman. Sure!

DRUMMERS OF THE DEMI MONDE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The facility with which young men of means are lured to ruin in the metropolis has long been a subject of wonder to moralists. The ease, too, with which the extravagant beauties of the demi-monde set their clutches on them and the thoroughness with which they fleece them before they let them go—all these things are mysteries to the uninitiated. The moralists know nothing of the cunning webs that are woven around the adolescent young blood. They know nothing of the fascinating drummer who makes himself the wealthy young man's companion and his chaperon on all the larks he enjoys. Neither do they know of the mercantile drummer—the regular frequenter of the siren's palace of sin—the dealer in silks and jewels who takes advantage of a maudlin and liberal moment when the wine mounts to his brain to urge the sale of his goods by artfully testing their effect upon the charming figures that flutter around the poor fly that is caught in the web. Many a check for a large sum has been signed by some graceless scion of the best families in a bagnio under these circumstances and many a brazen beauty flaunts Broadway in silks and jewels, the envy of the young wife of the very man who was led by the blandishments of the frail beauties and the cunning of their pal, the "drummer," to foot the bill.

A PRETTY ACTRESS BLACKMAILED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Dortha Welby, a pretty, talented and popular actress, belongs to "Only a Farmer's Daughter" dramatic company of which Miss Lillian Claves is the star. Miss Welby has lately been making so many "hits" and has been getting so much applause that Miss Claves imagined that the affair was "fixed" by the business manager of the company, who admired Miss Welby but didn't take stock in Miss Claves as an artist for a cent. When the company had finished its engagement in Jersey City, a few days since, Miss Welby complains that Miss Claves, with whom she is at daggers drawn, induced a ruffian of low degree to visit her in her dressing-room one night after the performance and demand money from her for having applauded her in several towns. She was afraid of the fellow, she says, and being able to rid herself of him by no other means told him to take all the money she had, the sum of \$15, which was lying on her dressing table, and go. This he did, but Miss Claves had assembled all the other members of the company at the door of the dressing-room to witness her payment of the man who had, as she declared, led the claque that was making Miss Welby a greater actress than the star. Hades is only a mild picture of fury compared with the condition of that company as it journeys westward today over the well beaten dramatic routes with those two women in it.

MURDER FOR LOVE.

Biddleford, Mo., rounded off the old year with a lovers' tragedy. Belle Cushman, a school girl at the Biddleford High School, was engaged to Leon K. Moore, aged 22. Graduating last spring, she obtained a position as teacher, while her lover was a clerk in Boston. He went to Biddleford to spend Christmas, and calling at the home of his affianced learned that she was out. He found her in a jewelry store conversing with a young clerk, their mutual friend. Moore was unreasonably jealous, but as they walked to her home together he seemed to calm down. They went into the parlor, and a few minutes after a shot was heard. Miss Cushman was found with a bullet hole in her head. As the girl's mother and brother rushed in Moore placed the pistol to his head and blew his brains out. It is thought that the girl proposed to break off the match and the young man killed her on the sudden impulse of passion.

SLAUGHTERED BY A BURGLAR.

A French saloon keeper of 144 W. 26th street, New York city, was aroused at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 31st ult. by mysterious noises proceeding from his store, situated on the floor below his sleeping room. Arising, he rushed into the hallway, but as he was descending the staircase in the dark a burglar fired at him from the foot of the stairs, the bullet striking him in the left side near the twelfth rib, ranging upward and passing through the lungs. The man staggered back to his bedroom and fell dead before his wife and little children. The night before three suspicious-looking men were in the saloon, evidently reconnoitring, and these are the parties who are suspected of the murder.

DEPUTY SHERIFF Amos Forbes of Roscommon County, Mich., was shot and killed Saturday by a man named Robert R. Titus, whom he was endeavoring to arrest. Titus and wife had lived unhappily together, and even came to blows over which he alleged to be her infidelities, and she swore out a peace warrant against him, which the officer was endeavoring to serve when shot.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

DURING the last five days of the old year murder has taken on a final frenzy, it seems, as the following remarkable cases show:

DEPUTY SHERIFF ORRIN BELVIN of Raleigh, N. C., began the new year by arresting a robber named Henry Fuller. Fuller made a desperate assault on Belvin, cutting him in the side with a large knife. Belvin then shot the prisoner in the head with a revolver, the ball glancing around the skull. The wound is a serious one.

AT New Orleans last week Mrs. M. F. Cappage was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol with which her four-year-old child was playing. She had been giving the child instructions how to aim the weapon and sat down upon the floor to play with him, when he aimed the pistol and fired, the ball entering her brain. No one knew the pistol was loaded.

AT Round Oak, Ga., 40 miles from Macon, at a holiday dance a young farmer named J. W. Gray undertook to break up the festivities. He was set upon by the negro brothers, Bob, Henry and Aik Jackson, who stabbed him fatally. He drew his revolver, however, and successfully shot and killed each of the three. Then he staggered to the door and fell dead in the roadway.

LEON MOORE, of Biddeford, Me., employed as a clerk in a store in Boston, went there a few days ago to spend Christmas. That afternoon at about three o'clock he called upon his affianced, Miss Belle Cushman, an estimable young lady and a teacher in the public school. Shortly after his arrival the other occupants of the house were startled by the reports of a pistol from the room in which the young couple were. They entered and found Miss Cushman dead and Moore just alive. He expired a few minutes after the occupants of the house had reached the room. It is supposed that, actuated by jealousy, he killed Miss Cushman and then shot himself. They were each 21 years of age. The families of both are highly respectable and they are nearly distracted by the tragedy.

NEAR Sibby's mill, opposite Mobile, Joel Johnson, a well known citizen of the neighborhood, was riding quietly along the public road when he was shot from behind a tree by a negro. The first shot struck Mr. Johnson in the head, stunning him and causing him to fall from his horse. While he lay on the ground, the assassin shot him twice again, in the wrist and side, and then dragged him 350 yards and put him in a pond, thinking him dead. The negro then mounted his victim's horse and rode off to a party in the neighborhood. During the night Mr. Johnson, revived by the night air, recovered his senses and dragged himself home, a distance of half a mile. He told his brother, Abo Johnson, of the assault. His story, together with the fact that the negro was seen on the horse, led Abo Johnson as deputy sheriff to arrest him. He found the negro at a place called Jim Malone's. The fellow drew his pistol, whereupon Mr. Johnson shot him. The negro fired back, shooting Mr. Johnson through the breast and then ran. Johnson ran a little way and fired at him but the negro ran on. Mr. Johnson fell and died in fifteen minutes. A crowd soon collected and started in search of the negro. They found him about four o'clock in the afternoon lying dead, shot through the breast and wrist. He had run about half a mile down the creek and fell on the edge of the swamp.

MARRIED TWICE IN HALF AN HOUR.

In the matter of marrying, a young woman of Seneca county, Ohio, plainly appropriates the cake. Her maiden name was Melissa J. Remsburg, but whether it now is Mrs. Chauncey L. Wyant or Mrs. Wesley M. Kline, or both, the future must disclose. As the story is chronicled, Miss Remsburg told Mr. Wyant that she would meet and marry him in Tiffin, fifteen miles from her father's house, at three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday succeeding Christmas. She also told Mr. Kline that she would see him and wed him at half-past three o'clock on the same day. She kept both promises, for she became the wife of Mr. Wyant at one end of the town, and married Mr. Kline at the other end, twenty-four minutes only elapsing between the performance of the ceremonies. Immediately after the first wedding the bride had excused herself, "just to run down the street to see a friend," and thus it came about that she had time to marry Mr. Kline and take a westward-bound train before Mr. Wyant suspected treachery. As to the purpose of the woman everybody seems to be in the dark.

A FAST LIFE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

America is proverbial for fastness and of all the fast people in America no one will be likely to refuse to concede the palm to the railroad engineer as the first. There is an element of romance about his laborious life, too. How many heroes are enrolled in the roster of the railroad engineers; how many great men have stepped from the cab to the platform of real life to take their places among the first in the land!

Our artist has caught some fleeting pictures

from the rapid existence of the engineer with a master hand. The contrasts of his labor are well brought out in the sketches which epitomize his life. The visitors to the cab and the social draught, the invasion of the train robbers, the rescue of an unfortunate who has preferred sacrificing herself to the modern Juggernaut to protracting an existence she has no use for the race with the savages over the sweeping plains; and last, though by no means least, the concession to Cupid which even men in a hurry have to make. With such variety as this falling to his share the railway engineer ought not to find life dull. Who would not change with him?

A BELLE WITH A BEARD.

A Philadelphia Merchant Masquerading as a Woman in the Astor House, New York.

The guests in the Astor House were startled last Friday evening to see what was apparently an enormous woman walking about the parlors and hallways. She wore a handsome silk dress cut decolleté and terminating in a long train. Fine lace ruching around the throat half concealed a snowy neck. Around her head and neck in graceful folds was wound a white zephyr cloud. This person did not disdain occasionally to reveal a pair of shapely feet incased in morocco slippers and pink stockings. There was only one thing about her which savored of mystery. No one knew where she came from nor when she arrived. During the evening she called into the dining-room and took a seat at one of the tables. Detective Kerwin happened to be in the room at the time and he regarded the individual with curiosity. The head waiter told the detective that she was an object of mystery and he kept watch on the person. About 11:30 o'clock the supposed woman accidentally disarranged her cloud, disclosing iron-gray whiskers. The detective then arrested the curiosity. Giving a fair imitation of a feminine shriek, the masquerader attempted to run. The detective quickly drew away the zephyr cloud and the prisoner subsided.

He begged to be allowed to change his clothes for his own apparel and the officer accompanied him to his room. While changing his clothes the fellow gave his reasons for wearing female apparel. He said that he had lately lost his wife and the only way that he could feel that she was near him was by putting on his wife's clothing. He had it down fine, even to the minute details of underclothing and very fancy garters. He arrived at the Astor House on Friday morning and registered as Anthony Elton, of Philadelphia. He said that he was a merchant in the Quaker City. The clerk assigned him to room No. 135 and saw no more of him. He was well dressed and his features resemble those of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. He is 5 feet 9 inches in height. The police expressed the belief that he is a crank. They had never seen him before and knew of no criminal bearing his description.

A MONKEY AS A WITNESS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In Mexico, especially about the market-place in Chapultepec, monkeys are as common as children and almost every woman has one trotting along beside her, clinging to her skirts or perched on her shoulder as she sits beside her basket of fruits and vegetables. These pets are very common in the homes of the rich, too, and they acquire a degree of intelligence in their free association with man that is astounding. One of these animals has won especial distinction. He had gone with his master to a distant hacienda. On the return he was waylaid by three ruffians, who murdered and buried him after robbing him of his money and jewels. The monkey at the first assault had fled and climbed a tree, where, out of harm's way, he viewed the murder. When the robbers had gone the monkey skipped to his master's home and made such ado that the inmates were induced to follow him back to the spot where his master had been slain. The body was dug up and three men promptly arrested on suspicion. The monkey was produced in court as a witness and immediately recognized the murderers, flying at them with fury. The lawyers are now wrangling about the admissibility of monkey evidence, but the people think it conclusive.

THE BOSS BRUTE.

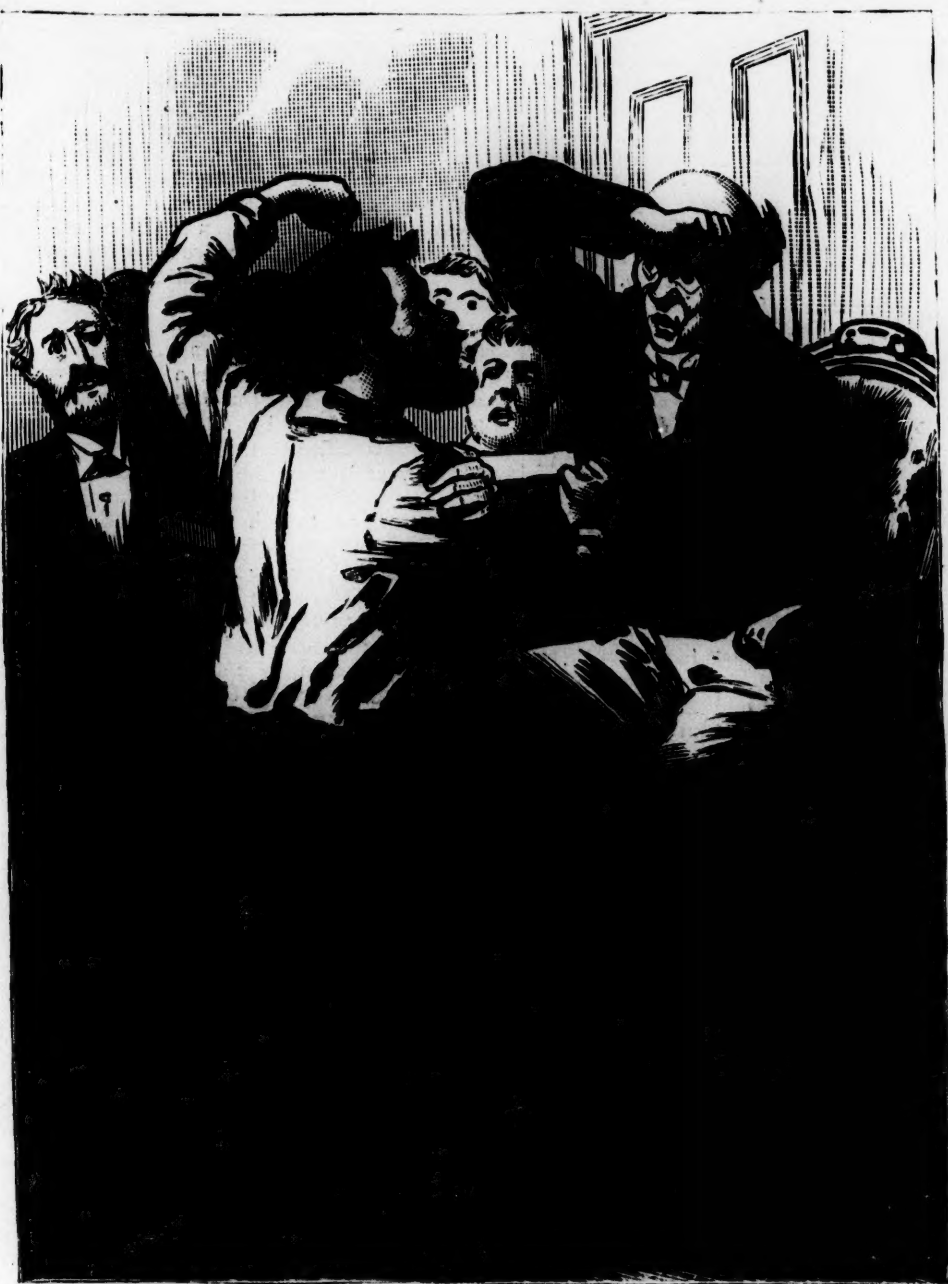
At an inquest held in New York city last week into the causes of the death of Bridget Mooney, who was found dead in her room at 551 W. 39th st. ee, the 12 year old son of the deceased testified that the last day of his mother's life his father came home intoxicated. Said the boy: "My mother cooked some meat, and he eat it all. Mamma got none of it, neither did I. In the evening he beat her again, and kicked her about the body. I told my father not to beat her so, and he then struck me on the head. At about ten o'clock the same night he beat her again, threw her on the floor and kicked her. He then went out, and mother lay on the floor unable to speak, and died during the night. I had nothing but bread for three days, and it was so hard that I could hardly eat it."

A SHOCKING tragedy in Piqua, Ohio, to begin the new year. Reinhold Steetzer, a well-to-do German, shot himself after killing his wife, and the son returning from his work finds the old bodies of his parents in the railway.



HOURIS IN A NEW YORK PARADISE.

HOW A SENILE OLD HUNKS, A RETIRED MILLIONAIRE MERCHANT, DREAMS AWAY HIS LIFE IN SCENES OF ORIENTAL VOLUPTUOUSNESS;
NEW YORK CITY.



HE WANTED TO LICK THE COURT.

OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT OF A CONVICTED MURDERER AND BULLY IN A COURT-ROOM
AT YANKTON, DAKOTA TERRITORY.



DISCIPLINING A CHURLISH PEDAGOGUE.

THE PUPILS OF A YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL ENGAGE IN A NEW CALISTHENIC EXERCISE
ON THEIR TEACHER; CONSTANTIA, N. Y.



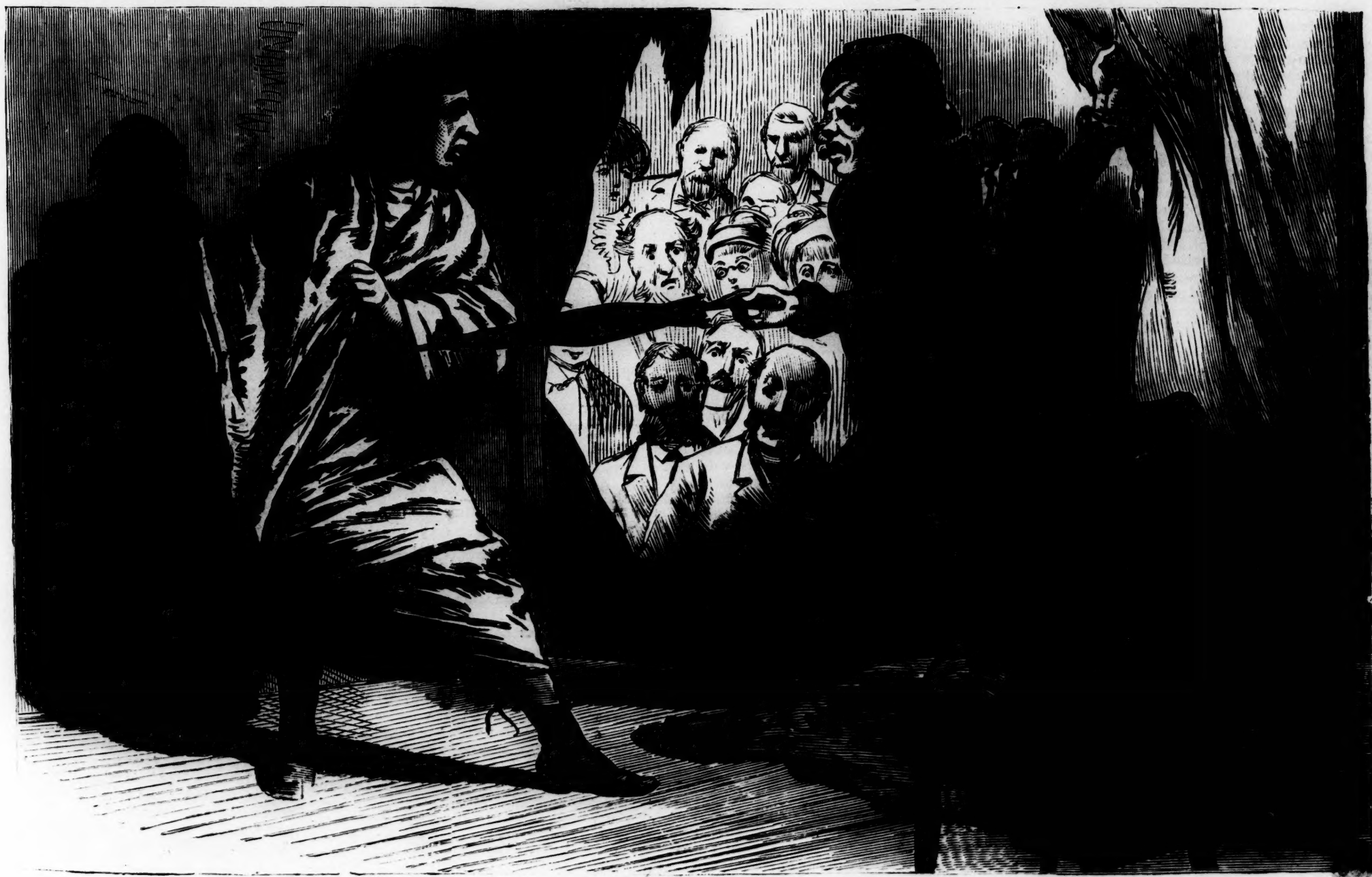
"WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME ON THIS?"

A BALTIMORE, MD., BEAUTY "TALKS BUSINESS" TO AN AMOROUS PAWNBROKER.



BORING FOR BEER.

A GANG OF MEN, SINKING OIL WELLS, STRIKE A DUTCHMAN'S CELLAR AND LET LOOSE A FOUNTAIN OF LAGER; FRANKLIN, PA.



UNMASKING A MEDIUM.

HOW AN INQUISITIVE OLD LADY DETECTED A SPIRIT DRESSING FOR THE PART AND BROKE THE SPOOK ALL UP; ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HUSH MONEY;

OR,

THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATHCART VINTON.

The last of the newspaper reporters who left the station house halted on the steps while the others plunged into the storm without pause; consequently the did not note a shade detach itself from the deeper blackness of a doorway across the street and flutter off towards the corner.

The lingering scribe did observe it, however, and more because his way led him in that direction than for any other reason crossed the street to satisfy himself who the wanderer, abroad in such weather, and at such an hour, could be.

To his no little surprise he saw that it was a woman.

Wrapped in a dingy waterproof much too large for her she turned under the lamp at the crossing to look back at the station house, and was so intent upon that inspection that she did not, apparently, notice the approach of the reporter till he touched her arm.

Then she looked up nervously, and with a little startled cry.

"By jingo! but she's a beauty," muttered the reporter, as his eyes rested on her pale face, framed in dark tresses disordered by the wind which found its way under the hood of her cloak.

Then in the familiar tone assurance and familiarity with the frequenters of the street endowed him with, he went on:

"What's the matter, my dear? Have you a sweetheart who wears the uniform, or are you waiting to catch one?"

"Did you come out of there?" she demanded sharply, nodding towards the station.

"Yes."

"Then you can tell me what they did with him."

"With whom?"

"The gentleman who was so good to me."

"Do you mean the chap whom the two policemen took in a little while ago?"

"The tall gentleman; yes."

"Well, my dear, I fancy they have provided him with lodgings for the night."

The girl wrung her hands, and her eyes filled with tears.

"But he had done nothing," she exclaimed, "except save me from dying of hunger."

The reporter would not have been a reporter to permit this sensational outburst to pass without the attention he bestowed on it.

"Do you know the man?" he asked in a quick, business-like tone of the professional interviewer.

"I met him in the street."

"Where?"

"At Washington Square."

"Then you know how he came to be arrested?"

"I was with him."

The representative of the press gave utterance to an exclamation of joyous surprise.

"Well, 'pon my soul! This is a streak of luck," he said. "Look here, my dear, your friend, whoever he is, has got himself in a peck of trouble. What's the matter? What are you about?"

It was well he had seized her by the arm. Even as it was she struggled so desperately to free herself that he had all he could do to keep her back.

"Let me go!" she cried, fiercely. "Let me go, I say!"

"What for?"

"To go to him. If he got in any trouble it was through me."

"Well, you'll only get him in worse trouble if you don't look out. Do you really want to benefit him?"

"Do I?"

She looked up at her interlocutor with eyes that fairly blazed.

"Do I," she repeated, "why, I would die to do it."

"Then come with me."

"Where to?"

"Where we can speak together."

"About him?"

"Yes."

"And who are you?"

"I am a reporter. Your friend, whoever he is, has been locked up on a suspicion of murder, and unless he finds friends it will be likely to go hard with him. I am willing to help him all I can, and if you want to do him any good you had better bear a hand with me. Hi, there!"

A hackman, posted at the next corner, had noticed the pair and driven up to them after the manner of his kind, hoping to gain a fare. At this hail he drew up alongside the curb.

"Get in here," said the scribe, pushing rather than assisting the girl to enter the vehicle. "Drive to the Standard office, and don't lose a minute."

"Ay ay, sir," was the response.

And in a second more the coach was in motion.

The girl had sunk into a corner of the seat.

Her companion settled himself beside her and opened fire without a moment's delay.

In response to his queries she detailed all the reader already knows of her meeting with John Smith, and of the events which had succeeded it.

"What made you leave the restaurant when he was arrested?" demanded the reporter, who was making notes in the dark on a bundle of paper he had drawn from his ulster and spread upon his knee.

"I was afraid."

"Of what?"

"I don't know, but I have been sick; I was nearly starved when I met him; I was not myself at all."

"Who, by-the-by, are you, when you are yourself?"

The questioner felt her shrink away from him in the darkness, and the voice in which she replied was firmer and more womanly than it had been before.

"That is my affair," she said. "I came with you to talk of him, not myself."

"You have told me all you know about him?"

"Every word. Now what do you know?"

"Not much more."

"How much more?"

"Well, I know that he is suspected of murder."

"Impossible!"

"It will be well for him if he can prove so."

"But who is he suspected of murdering?"

"A woman."

"Great Heavens!"

"Just as he was brought in by the officers a despatch was received from the central office stating that a woman had been found stabbed to death in a car on the elevated road."

"And what had he to do with that?"

"He heard the dispatch read and was greatly agitated. He tried to speak at first, but when he was questioned refused to answer. He had a pocket full of money."

"I know; I saw it."

"And a knife, covered with blood."

"My God! My God!"

And burying her face in her hands she burst into a paroxysm of convulsive sobbing. Her companion, with a glance out of the window, turned to her again.

"Listen," he said. "I am going to give you my house key and have the hackman take you there. Go in and go to bed. No one will say anything to you. Wait for me; I will be there to take you to breakfast, and then we will be able to hit upon some plan to help your friend. You understand?"

"Yes."

"And you will do it?"

"I will do anything you want me to, sir. I will trust you."

"You will not regret it. My name is Vinton—Cathcart Vinton. You can tell me yours tomorrow."

The carriage came to a sudden stop in front of a towering iron building whose upper windows blinked bright with a blaze of gas through the whirling snow. Sprang out, Cathcart Vinton put a bank note into the driver's hand, and gave him some directions in a quick voice. The man nodded and drove off.

"A beat, by the Almighty!" muttered Vinton, rubbing his hands. "The beat of the month, or I'm no judge. This is a streak of luck and no mistake."

And he dove into the utter blackness of a narrow and dirty doorway and began to climb a staircase invisible in the darkness, cursing as he stumbled at every precarious step.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BETRAYED BY A CHILD.

A Six Year Old Boy Betrays His Mother's Guilt and Causes a Murder.

The sensation of Dallas, Texas, at the present time, is the murder of R. A. Chambers, a merchant tailor on Lamar street, by Alfred Frerman. The latter waylaid his victim at 9 o'clock at night and riddled him with sixteen buckshot from a double-barreled shot gun. The murderer was immediately arrested. He explained to his captors that the murdered man had debauched his (Frerman's) wife, and ruined his happiness. Frerman's family consists of his wife, a boy 6 years old and a girl 2 years old. The couple lived very happily together, until about a month ago, when happiness was driven from their home forever by the artless prattle of a child. The little boy chanced to amuse himself one evening by reeling across the floor, saying that he was playing he was drunk. His father reproved him for such unbecoming play, and bade him cease it, expressing some natural wonder as to where the child could have learned to imitate such a vice, inasmuch as he, the father, was abstemious and never set him such an example.

Thereupon the boy burst out with "That's the way Mr. Chambers is when he comes here nights."

"Mr. Chambers? Why does he come here nights?"

"Yes, when you are out," said the boy.

The pale and frightened mother tried in vain to silence the child. He would speak. He continued: "Mr. Chambers often comes here, and he's drunk, too, and he sleeps in the bed with mama and I have to get out and sleep on the floor." This made the father frantic, and he rushed out to murder Chambers with the result detailed above.

GLEANINGS OF GOTHAM.

Latest Dodges of the Shrewd Criminals of the Great City.

KINKOWSKI the murderer was visited in his cell in Jersey City last week by the hangman and his assistants, who made a careful calculation of the strength of rope and weights necessary to hang him effectively at the first pop. The interview is reported as horrible to the outside spectators.

The tricks of women on the streets of New York were never so artful nor so deluding as during the holidays. It was all but impossible to distinguish the brazen *nymphe du pave* with her girlish mask and simper from the fresh young school girls who trip along to and from school in the breezy mornings. How the visitors from all parts are being sold by them, though! whew! Millions are sacrificed on these artful gamblers.

The "solograph" watch business has come into vogue again. The swindler advertises in the New York religious weeklies and catches "suckers" by the thousand. He wants you to enclose \$2 for a watch worth \$50, and there are hundreds of gullible fools who enclose the money, although the game has been exposed again and again by the press. Three or four of these fellows are living at Delmonico's on the proceeds of these crooked "ads." Larsen C. Strong, of Buffalo, attempted the same business but was arrested last week after he had made only \$5,000. The metropolis holds bigger rogues, however, who are lost in its mazes and operate with impunity.

The Bowery is the lurking place of all sorts of love and flirtation, the illicit sort predominating. It is rarely a night passes without several pitched battles at fistcuffs and a pistol duel or two being undertaken in behalf of some "crooked" queen of love and beauty. The tourney was in progress last week as usual. William O'Neil, of First avenue, had been charmed by a shop girl who paused on the street corner to interchange "taffy" with him, when up comes William Sherlock of Great Jones street, who winks to the fickle fair, and straightway she walks off with him. Then O'Neil draws his little revolver with the amiable design of perforating his winking rival. He fired but one shot, which wrecked an apple stand, and before he could fire another, was captured by a policeman.

HENRY C. FOSTER and Thomas Snow are on trial on a charge of having attempted to swindle John Van Horn out of \$4,000. Mr. Van Horn had come into possession of a neat little sum of money in October, when Snow waited upon him with a letter of introduction from a California bank. Snow led him to his confederate, "He was the greenest-lookin' feller I ever see," Mr. Van Horn told the jury. "He didn't know what twice two was. He was afraid of the houses, and wanted to get back to the mountings." When Van Horn and Snow met this third man, Snow began to explain that he and his friend had come into possession in the West of a large number of gold bricks. They wanted a place to conceal them. Mr. Van Horn showed the couple his boat house, and it was decided to be a safe hiding place. Mr. Van Horn was, according to the arrangements then and there made, to have one-half the proceeds of the sale of the bricks, after they had been brought on from the West. But they needed money with which to transport them to their newly selected hiding place. Nothing less than \$5,000 would do. They had two specimen bricks with them. They were of brass of course, but there was a plug of gold in them. From this nugget of the genuine metal the men with a bit and auger cut some filings and gave them to Mr. Van Horn that he might test the metal. If it were genuine he was to advance them the money they needed upon the two bricks. When they called two days later for the money, Mr. Van Horn had discovered their game and the arrest followed.

KITTY MULCAHEY AND THE REPORTERS.

The History of a Dizzy Blonde Who Began on the Stage in Curious and Ends with Tragedy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Kitty Mulcahey, a handsome young woman of St. Louis, Mo., has been arrested, charged with having shot the man Tonkin who followed her and a male friend one night as they were slinking through an alley way into a church yard in the city, as is supposed, with immoral intent. She has confessed to the shooting, and says that Tonkin followed her, offered her money, and insisted on knowing who she was. In order to rid herself of his importunities, she was obliged to shoot him. The pistol, however, is missing, and the police suspect that the man who was with her fired the shot and that she has only confessed the deed to shield him.

Several newspaper reporters called on the young woman in her cell last week, and their prying visits seemed to annoy her considerably. Two or three of the scribes, who pressed their questions on her persistently, were dismissed with a fierce outburst of temper, and failing to get their command, the loiterers were drenched from head to foot with water from the cell bucket which she threw at them. Sergeant Watkins and a reporter, who entered the calaboose late in the evening, found her

standing upon the bench in her cell, with her clothing closely drawn about the knees, screaming in mortal dread of the rats. The turnkey had for convenience placed the garbage-basket close to the bars of the cell and the rodents came in a perfect horde from the crevices in the floor and congregated there like beings of greater intelligence about the market place at Christmas tide. Kitty is a creature of superstition and her dread of the rats was real and unfeigned. Seeing the Chief of Detectives she appealed to him to rid her from the pests. The officer took out his pistol and smilingly pretended that he would shoot them, thinking that she would be frightened into silence. She only said, "Shoot away."

"No, I want you to shoot 'em," he added.

"All right, give me the pistol."

The rats ran away from the row comers, taking refuge in the prisoner's cell. She stood against the wall, holding her hand through the bars, and the officer seemed about to comply with her request, when the reporter protested, "No, don't do it, or if you do, wait a while; she's killed one man."

The rats held a consultation and reluctantly withdrew, leaving the officer, the reporter and the prisoner alone in the cell. The officer gave her a cigar, which she lighted and placed in a corner of her mouth. Having regained her composure, she fixed one hand upon the iron grating of her cell and proceeded to enjoy the cigar, spitting anon in a coquettish way over her shoulder. A few days of total abstinence appear to have enhanced her looks, for the depravity so evident at first now appeared less repulsive; and while it is possible that she was romancing when she made the statement that she had once travelled with a living statuary show as a model, the idea did not appear ridiculous or impossible.

Soothed by a good cigar, her tongue was loosened, and the conversation became free and natural. The prisoner talking with all the simplicity of a child. She said that she was sorry for what had happened, and that when she got out again she was going to go home and behave herself.

"My sister was here to-day, and you bet I told her a heap," she said.

"What did you tell her?" she was asked.

"Told her to let the men alone, make them let her alone, and keep out of the calaboose and the House of the Good Shepherd?"

"You have been there, have you?"

"Ask that girl over there in the next cell. She was there with me. There's no fun in it," she said.

"If you get out and go home are you sure you would not try to make your sister bad?"

"What? No, sir, I wouldn't. Think I want her to come here and sleep with the rats?"

"Kitty," said the officer, coaxingly, in the hope of gaining information about the pistol, "you don't seem to be a very mean girl; how did you happen to start so bad?"

"Well, you see, when I was a little girl I used to read in the dime novels all about young girls running away from home and having a good time, and so I thought I could have plenty of fun that way too. I thought it would be a great thing to sneak off and leave my parents and not let them know where they could find me."

"How old were you when you ran away?"

"About thirteen or fourteen."

"With anybody?"

"Yes, a circus woman."

"Where from?"

"Kansas City."

"Did you do anything in the circus; play any part?"

"No, not at first."

"What did the woman want with you?"

"She thought I would learn a song-and-dance act to do with the minstrels in the side-show."

"Where did you go?"

"Down to Texas."

"To what points?"

"Fort Worth, Donnanison, Sherman and other places."

"Where did you go from there?"

"Came to St. Louis and joined May Fisk's blondes."

"You are no blonde."

"I don't care, I'm telling the truth. I dressed in tights, and I danced in the solos, too. That's more some of 'em could do."

"What made you quit that?"

"Got tired. If I had let the men alone I would have been all right."

"Who do you blame?" asked the Sergeant.

"I tell you it was a policeman. He is dead now, poor fellow. I was awfully stuck on that policeman."

"Kitty, tell us the truth," said the chief detective; "who was the man with you when you shot Tonkin?"

"'Pon my word an' honor, what I told you before is so. I don't know. I thought I'd see him to-night. He said he'd be back and bring me twenty yards of gros grain silk."

"Did you believe he'd come?"

"Yes, I kinder thought he would; but the men fool me so often that way. I think they'll come, and I wait and watch, and they don't," she said.

The county store of J. H. and J. B. Prince at Green Blain, Va., was burned one night last week and two clerks named respectively Glover and Murrell perished in the flames. It is supposed that the men were murdered and the store set on fire by tramps.

THE GLADIATORS.

Ryan and Sullivan Criticized by an Ex-Champion of America.

What Mike McCool Thinks of Their Abilities and Their Chances in the Coming Great Prize Fight.

The *New York Herald* correspondent at New Orleans recently had an interview with Mike McCool, the ex-champion pugilist of America, regarding the match, which we re-publish: "Well, Mike, will you take a view of the coming match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan?" The answer was at once returned: "You can bet I would like to, but I don't know that I can. Business before pleasure, you know, should always be the rule, and my work will take one or another direction." Then the interrogatory was put, "I suppose you have seen Sullivan, of course?" "Yes," said the ex-champion; "I was around at his room at the St. James Hotel for a little while last evening and had a good look at him. He is a splendid looking fellow—a big one, sure, and no mistake. He must be bigger than I am about the shoulders; don't you think so? I like his make-up mightily. Only one thing I ain't so certain about, and that is how long he can stand up under a good pounding and not cave. There is always a great deal in that."

"Who do you suppose is going to win?" asked the *Herald's* representative. "Now, there you have got me," quietly observed Mike. "Ryan I have never seen, but people tell me he is a big one, too. Something, no doubt, will depend upon chances, but that is not everything by a very great deal. Ryan, everybody says, is a terrible pounder, and the result must depend very much upon how many of his blows Sullivan can take in the first part of the match and not get knocked out of time. There is a good deal in the science part of the fight, and if I had only been well up in that when I met Coburn I would have knocked him out of his boots. Muscle and sheer strength I doubt are mighty big things in a good fair and square set-to, but there are other matters that go for a good deal more. Of course a man can only guess at the result, but there are some things we know that may help a fellow a good deal in guessing. I know Sullivan is in mighty good hands when Billy Madden has the care of him. His cuteness was shown in coming down here and training his man where he was going to fight him. Sullivan will be fully acclimated before the fight begins, while Ryan must provide for that after his training has been finished."

"Now, suppose our water down here disagrees with Ryan after he gets here—and you know it generally does with strangers—it might be easy work for Johnny Sullivan to knock the stuffing clean out of him in no time at all. Then, besides, I know that Sullivan is no drinker and does not go around after the women, and either one or the other would ruin the best man in the world. Now, I am told that Ryan keeps a sporting house, and that is dead against him. A man can't keep a saloon and be a good prize-fighter. It is the veriest fool talk in the world to say he can. I know all about that myself, and am not giving what other people have to say, but just what I know myself. Before I went into the business I was something in the ring, and now it was just that that ruined me."

The question was then put, "Who is the best man you ever saw in the ring?" "Well, now, that is a right hard thing to say; but I think that Coburn was about as good as any, if not the best. Coburn had all the science of the thing and could save himself from the heaviest blows that were aimed at him a long way better than any man I ever saw in my life. In the great match in which we stood against each other I tried my very best to get a good square lick at him, but I couldn't fix it as hard as I tried. Coburn wouldn't have come off first best if I had."

"Well, Mike, where do you think would be the best place for the fight?"

"Why, almost any place about here. There can be no difficulty about that. I have been told that Mayor Shakespeare swears he will put every mother's son engaged in the fight into the parish prison if the fight takes place anywhere in the parish. But that don't amount to anything. There are some of the City Fathers who would rather see this fight come off than eat the best dinner in the world, for a good dinner they can get any day. Some of these clever gentlemen, you know, are sports themselves, and so I don't think the thing will be spoiled if they can help it. Well, if the men don't fight in the ring they will be obliged to fight somebody out of it; that you can depend upon as something sure. People down here are not inclined to have put upon them another Mace-Coburn tomfoolery affair. So Ryan's backers had better be prepared for this, and understand that people in New Orleans expect business, or somebody may be hurt, dead sure. And then there will be a good many roughs from all parts of the Union when the fight takes place, and, indeed, there are a good many of them down here now. These will not take it quietly if they are spoiled of their game."

The *Herald* man then referred to a statement made some while since, in the *POLICE GAZETTE*, that McCool would enter the ring

again and the question was asked whether that was so. "No, sir," the ex-champion at once answered, "I am entirely too old and used up for that kind of business now."

ROWS, RUMPUSES AND RUCTIONS.

Stabbing and Shooting / Fights and Disorders of Diverse Quality.

Jacob Stern, a runner for a sailor's boarding house in New York, made himself very "fresh" last week, boarding the Swedish brig *Gunhild* and coaxing the sailors to desert the ship. He was ordered off one night and refusing to go, was shot in the abdomen by Captain Olaf J. Olsen, the vessel's commander. The captain was honorably discharged by a magistrate.

THERE was a feud between two families in Saratoga, the Leonard's and the Kennedy's. The elder Kennedy, an attorney, held John Leonard down, while his (Kennedy's) son Patrick inflicted three stab wounds which will result in death.

ONE day last week two wagon loads of festive niggers drove into Macon, Ga., from Van Horn's plantation twenty miles distant. They at once inaugurated a jubilee, and during the afternoon drank so freely that they were drunk all through, when they started for home in the evening. Half way on the road a dispute arose, and a general riot ensued, during which two of the darkies were shot and killed. Their bodies were left where they fell in the road, until discovered next morning by passers-by.

At Monsenillo, Mexico, on Wednesday, Pascual Rivera called his friend Estevan Vidaw to the door of his dwelling and assassinated him. He refused to dwell a reason for the act.

At a place called Peacock Tract, near Decatur, Ala., on Thursday, Mary May, a mulatto, aged 18, shot and killed another colored girl named Catherine Bogg only 13 years old. Jealousy in love matters was the cause of the slaughter.

OLE THOMPSON, a well-to-do farmer of Jacksonville township, was found on the 30th ult., at his home, by a visitor, lying in the arms of his son-in-law, with his head nearly severed from his body. When last seen alive he was with his nephew, who is named after him, and who lived with the old man. The nephew was seen riding off alone, and is now missing; so the authorities put this and that together.

THE DEACON SKIPS WITH DELILAH.

Deacon Benjamin F. Sheldon of the Advent Church, an old resident of Bristol, Vt., aged about 40 years, has eloped with Miss Jennie Clark, aged 17, leaving his wife and family in want. Deacon Sheldon was in the employ of the Bristol Manufacturing Company, engaged in the manufacture of coffins. He has for some time past expressed an intention to invest a small capital in the boot and shoe business and under this pretext he recently induced his wife to sign a mortgage on their homestead and he raised \$1,000 by quietly disposing of most of his available effects. Some three weeks ago Sheldon's wife went to Brandon, Vt., some 50 miles south of Bristol, on a visit to relatives. Meantime Deacon Sheldon had for his housekeeper Miss Jennie Clark, an adopted daughter of his next-door neighbor, Samuel Stewart.

Miss Clark was a member of the same church with Sheldon and a pupil in the Sabbath school class of which Sheldon was the teacher. On Christmas eve, on receiving intelligence of the intended return of his wife from her Brandon visit, the couple took the morning train south, with tickets purchased for New York city. The wife of Sheldon is a woman of prepossessing appearance while Miss Clark is said to be very plain looking. Sheldon has heretofore born an unblemished reputation and his conduct has astonished his friends. He had a pleasant home on one of the principal streets. He had managed to sell most of his property and leaves his wife and children, two daughters aged respectively 11 and 9 years, in absolute distress.

A HAREM IN NEW YORK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The accumulation of wealth in the hands of a favored few in New York is giving rise to the most unheard-of European luxuries and vices. Among these wealthy favored ones it becomes a matter of thought and well-planned device to make their money buy them such luxuries as cannot be imitated or purchased by the rabble. An instance of this is presented in our illustration in this issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. A wealthy retired merchant who has remained a bachelor despite all the blandishments of his fair friends, whom he numbered by scores, is passing the latter days of his life in the midst of scenes of Oriental magnificence, and surrounded by hordes of his own selection, who serve him for liberal pay with the devotion of slaves. Possessed of rare taste and an inexhaustible purse, he has thrown two of his brown stone houses on 37th street into one, and has established himself there with all the luxuries of a grand Turk. It is a queer fancy, and when the old man dies and it is found that he has left a will dividing his fortune between his favorite slaves and the Bible Society, his Oriental life will afford a fine hook for his distant relatives to hang on a suit to break the testament.

CUPID'S "CRANKS."

New Vagaries Whereby the Fickle God Makes Fresh Mischief on all Sides.

A BREACH of promise case in Illinois will present a novel question for legal decision. The plaintiff was a good looking girl when the engagement was made. Two years of courtship passed, then her face was disfigured by small-pox and the defendant declined to marry her. He claims that in view of her deterioration in personal appearance since he made the promise he is not in law or honor bound to keep it.

DANIEL L. SCHIRE of Kansas City, Mo., has been sued for breach of promise and seduction by Miss Mary Belton of Chicago, in the sum of \$15,000. Her attorneys have attached \$10,000 worth of real estate and a \$1,500 bank account, Miss Belton, who is a prepossessing young lady in appearance, is the daughter of a farmer living just out of Chicago. She says that she met Mr. Schire while he was in business in that city, and that she was seduced by him. After his removal to Kansas City he wrote for her to come to him and they would be married, but she replied that he must come to her. After a voluminous correspondence, in which he protested his devotion, the lady yielded and went to Kansas City on Christmas day. Then Schire told her he could not marry her as he was engaged to another, and she went for her lawyer to patch up her busted heart.

W. H. RISKELLY is the name of a bad, bold man from St. Joseph, who, it is claimed, has deserted his wife. It seems that Riskelly, who is a Canadian, went to St. Joseph, Mo., about a year ago and engaged in the nursery trade. He had quite a snug little sum of money, which went into his business and during a trip into Osborn county he became infatuated with a young girl at Osborn county, which, it is thought, is the reason of his present absence. About last Sept. 16th Riskelly left St. Joseph for Kansas City and a few days later sent his wife some money through the Kansas City post-office. When Riskelly left St. Joseph he had in his possession about \$2,000 and told his wife he was going to Colorado and would write her from Topeka and Denver. But all trace of him was lost when he purchased the money order in the Kansas City post-office and nothing has yet been discovered which can in the least explain his absence. The girl with whom he became infatuated has received several letters lately postmarked Kansas City and Wyandotte, and for this reason the officers think Riskelly may be hiding about Kansas City, waiting for the time to come when he can safely send for his flame. The wife, however, has started out on a little scalp hunting tour of her own and says she will find her husband if it takes all she is worth and after finding him she will attend to the girl part of the story.

A SENSATION was created in social circles in England a few months ago by the elopement of Major Forsyth Grant's wife with her brother's groom. Major Grant is attached to the Duke of Cornwall's regiment, which is stationed at Gibraltar, and it was during a visit to her brother, who lives near Treganah Fort, a place several miles west of the Cornish side of the river Tamar, near Plymouth, that his fascinating wife became enamored of the personal charms of her brother's groom, whose name is Henry Hearn. The two became very intimate and in a few days eloped. Three weeks ago Mr. Eden, a lawyer from London, Eng., who was employed by Major Grant to recover his wife if possible, arrived in Quebec, as he was of the opinion that they had gone to Canada. The services of Detective Skelington were called into requisition and in company with Mr. Eden that officer visited Point Levis and exhibited a photograph of Mrs. Grant to a number of wharf officials there. They recognized it as being that of a lady who arrived by the steamer *Circassian* on the 10th of October last in company with a young man. The pair were traced to the St. James Hotel, where the photograph was again recognized. They are believed to be living in Toronto under an assumed name. The lady's private income is \$5,000 a year, but she only had £30 in cash when she left England. Mrs. Grant, who is well acquainted with Canada, having been there on her wedding tour five years ago, is described as follows: Twenty-five years old, five feet high, fair complexion, gray eyes, fair hair cut short in front, wore a long cloak lined with fur and had on a diamond necklace when in Quebec. She left two little children in England. Hearn, the groom, is 5 feet 8 inches high, brown hair, hazel eyes and small moustache and has a sprightly appearance.

HE WANTED TO LICK THE COURT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Yankton, Dakota Territory, a murder trial had a strange termination the other day. A noted desperado and "crank" had been given a fair show for his life, but had been proven guilty of the most outrageous and cold-blooded murder, and was accordingly found guilty. The ruffian thereupon turned furiously upon the jury and berated them in the choicest slang, flinging the most filthy epithets at them. The district attorney, who had pursued every clue in the case with great vigor, was the special object of the prisoner's hatred, and he lost no time in going for him.

A well directed blow under the chin followed by another between the eyes sent the limb of the law in a heap among the scattered law papers and chairs in a corner from which he was unable to rise. Then the condemned man made a rush for the bench with the avowed intent of giving his honor "such a licking that he wouldn't sentence another man in a year." The court officers, burly fellows to the number of half a dozen, interposed, and a rough and tumble fight ensued in which two men had an eye apiece gouged out, one had his ear badly "chewed" and another was nearly killed by a kick in the stomach. After nearly a quarter of an hour of this lively work the convict was flattened out insensible on the floor and chained hand and foot by his maimed antagonists. The Yankton people laugh at the idea of Giteau making any trouble in court as a "crank," and instance the above as the style of article Dakota produces.

KNIFE AND PISTOL.

Murders and Murderers of Every Degree in All Sections of the Country.

MARGARET MURDOCK, aged 30, of 751 Third avenue, New York, was brutally treated last week by her husband, James. Having been drinking to excess for several weeks he returned home one night and heating a poker red-hot burned the poor woman on the hands, arms and legs until she fainted. Her injuries were terrible.

MALEFIDIO MARCADO, a well known bandit, was hanged by a Mexican commission on the river above Brownsville, Texas, last week.

AUSTIN HALFAER, colored, was shot and killed in a Christmas fight by Winter Ross, on White's Creek, Tenn. Constable Sam. Green shot and killed an Irishman named Allen in the affray.

At Tepeji, Mexico, on the 28th ult., thirty men attacked the house of Ignacio G. Aragon, robbed him of \$8,000 and then murdered him. They fled but were captured.

J. JONES, who confessed that he murdered the Walker brother at Aberdeen, Miss., says he only received a mule, a watch and \$20 for the triple murder. He prays continually and has a minister reading the Bible to him.

HENRY BLANK, aged 13, of 39 Lewis street, New York, was arrested last week on a charge of shooting and killing John Meins, aged 14, of 155 Conover street, Brooklyn. The two boys were playing in Conover street last week when they quarrelled because Meins would not lend his pistol to Blank. The latter said he would force Meins to do so. Blank then suddenly turned and ran to a milk store near by where in some way he procured a seven-chambered pistol. He hurried back and, pointing the pistol at Meins, demanded the toy pistol, at the same time threatening to shoot him if he refused. Meins would not give it up and Blank then fired. The ball lodged in Meins' abdomen, inflicting a wound of which he died shortly after.

At Rogers, Ark., Esom Bolin, a carpenter, was shot while lying asleep in bed. The ball entered the back of his head and lodged over the left eye. Death ensued almost instantly. At the coroner's inquest his wife confessed to having fired the shot and claimed she did it in self-defense. She says Bolin threatened her life and that he was a desperate character and had been guilty of robbery and murder in their former home. They came from Wayne county, Ky. They had been at Rogers several months and Bolin was regarded as a quiet, industrious mechanic by his associates.

A FRENZIED WIFE'S CRIME.

Murdering Her Husband While He Slept to Preserve Her Own Life.

A murder in Newburgh, Ark., which occurred two weeks ago, was considered an inscrutable mystery until a few days since. A reputable citizen named Henry Blankenship was found dead in the road, near his house, with his head crushed in, and frightfully mangled. At the time of the murder Mr. Blankenship was asleep and was awakened by a blow from an ax which cut a frightful gash in the side of his head. After inflicting the wound his assassin arose, and, though bleeding profusely, started to seek assistance, but soon sank to the ground and died.

Finally his wife was arrested on a slender thread of suspicion of having committed the murder. Subsequently she made a confession admitting her guilt, and urging numerous circumstances in justification of the dreadful crime. It appears that the couple have lived unhappily together for years, and that on the day preceding the tragedy Blankenship had a series of bitter quarrels with his wife, and repeatedly threatened her life.

The unhappy woman, brooding over her wrongs and fearing that he would kill her, became desperate and stole into his bedroom and inflicted upon him a death wound. She then fled, but afterward surrendered to the authorities. The preliminary examination revealed a terrible story of marital misery, and aroused deep sympathy for the miserable wife. She is now at large, having been admitted to bail. Blankenship was a reputable citizen, and with his wife stood high in the community. He was reputed to be quite wealthy. Mrs. Blankenship is described as being a handsome and fascinating woman.

Sexton's Great Billiard Run.

One of the most interesting billiard matches ever played in this country was decided at Tammany Hall, New York, on Dec. 29, 1881, between Jacob Schaefer and Wm. Sexton. The conditions were cushion caroms, 600 points up for \$2,500 a side. Schaefer was the favorite at \$100 to \$90. Budd Seefeld, who was to act as marker, announced that the veteran Dudley Kavanagh would be referee, adding that Joseph Dion was to act as umpire for Sexton, the man of science, while Thomas Gallagher would do as much for Schaefer, the devotee of art.

The game was opened by brilliant playing, Schaefer showing the letter form. After twenty-nine innings had been played, Schaefer had made 105 points to Sexton's 66. Sexton, however, by great skill, gathered the balls into the corner of the cloth, kept them there, weaving their lines of movement into a fine net work that earned him 77, and left him with 291 to his credit, or 29 more than his competitor had. Deafening yells greeted his attainment of 45, and after that every shot was accompanied by applause. Four-fifths of this run of 77 was gained by nursing, but under the requirements of the game it was none the less remarkable on this account.

Sexton's run wiped out Dion's 45 made in the recent tournament, and it is now the best on record. Sexton now had the lead and maintained it. Schaefer made misses



BLACKMAILING AN ACTRESS.

HOW BERTHA WELBY'S RIVAL ARTISTE PUT UP A JOB ON HER; JERSEY CITY, N. J.

good player at twenty years of age. In 1874 he was pitted against Effler, of Albany, in a 3-ball game of 500 points for \$200, winning easily, and again 4 balls, 1,200 points, also winning. In 1875 the Garnier tournament brought him tie with Garnier and Slosson for 3d, 4th and 5th prizes. In 1875 played Slosson 600 points for \$500, 3-ball game, at Tammany Hall, winning easily. 1876 entered in the California tournament and tied for the 1st, 2d and 3d prizes with Garnier and Slosson, after which he met and defeated Cyrille Dion for the above championship.

He then went to Paris to try conclusions with Vignaux and the public well know how Mr. Sexton was virtually robbed of the game, the proof of which was evident, when a purse of \$500 was immediately raised by Americans in Paris to compensate Mr. Sexton's loss of money.

Emily Rigl.

The city upon whose amusement circles the tragedy of the Ring Theatre recently descended like a black cloud was the birthplace, some twenty odd years ago, of two sisters. The daughters of an old theatrical favorite, a master of ballet, of European celebrity, Emily and Betty Rigl made their debut on the boards as dancers. They came to America to assist in the triumphs of the "Black Crook."

But the younger of the twain did not remain long contented with the victories her graceful



EMILY RIGL.

[Photo by Mora.]

that showed he was nervous. Sexton shot wildly from excitement. Sexton got 592, and had but 8 to go. Schaefer stood at 556. Sexton made a miscue. Schaefer made a run of 8. Sexton had a hard shot before him and would not try it. He was hissed. Schaefer made 1 but no more. Later Schaefer made some wondrous shots, one a marvellous masse. He missed a minute later, and Sexton made his 600 in the 155th inning. He was carried out of the hall by his friends. His average was a shade under 4. He beat Schaefer 24 points, and cleared over \$6,000.

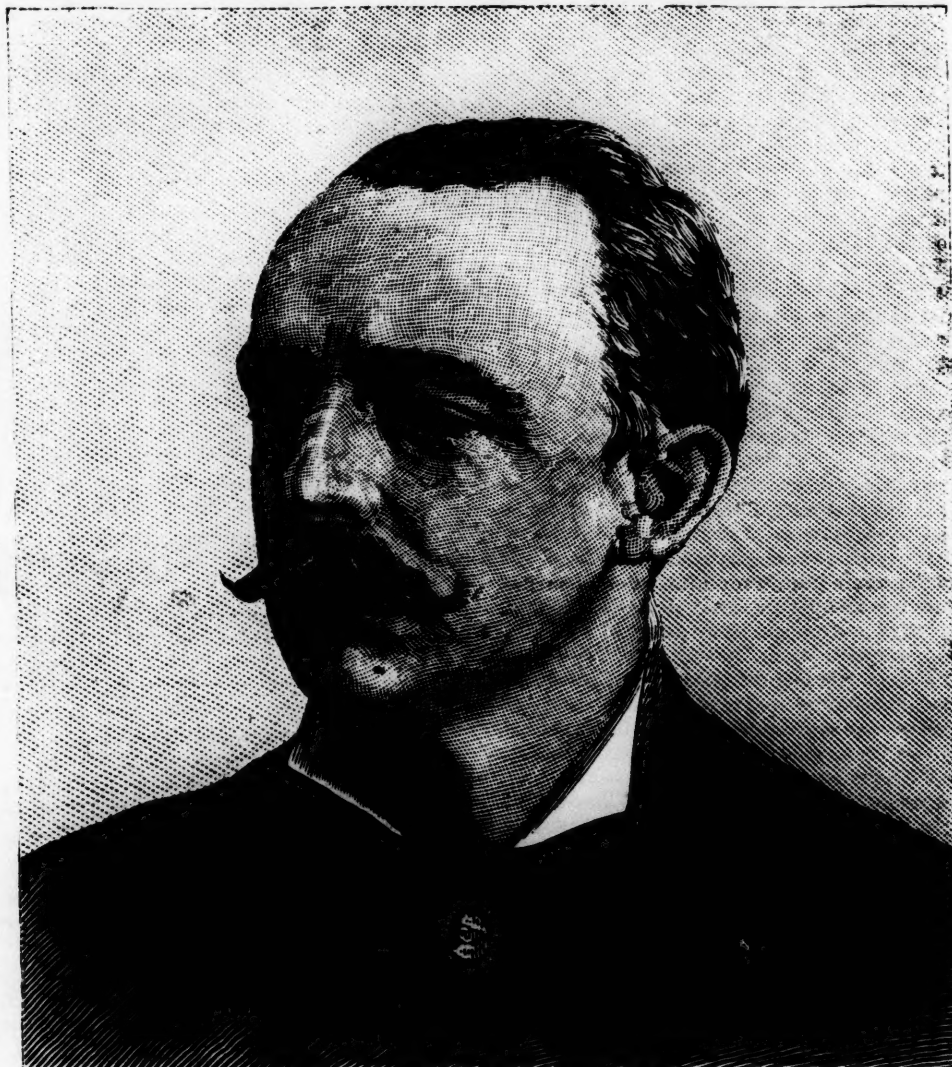
Sexton's best runs were 16, 10, 14, 10, 11, 10, 13, 77, 19, 16, 10, 28, 12, 16, 16, 19. Schaefer's highest runs were 10, 10, 14, 10, 11, 10, 11, 23, 13, 10, 20, 22, 13, 21, 19, 12, 10.

Sexton's backer was Richard Roche of St. Louis, Henry Stedeker of New York was Schaefer's backer.

Sexton's Score—1, 9, 6, 0, 1, 4, 2, 6, 1, 3, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 8, 2, 0, 1, 0, 2, 0, 1, 2, 2, 1, 0, 9, 0, 16, 0, 8, 10, 3, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 3, 0, 1, 14, 10, 1, 0, 11, 9, 4, 0, 10, 8, 0, 4, 8, 0, 13, 3, 0, 3, 2, 3, 77, 3, 2, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 3, 4, 6, 0, 1, 2, 0, 6, 3, 1, 1, 3, 0, 19, 0, 2, 1, 0, 16, 1, 2, 4, 10, 28, 7, 5, 8, 1, 12, 0, 0, 2, 2, 3, 5, 4, 1, 3, 1, 9, 8, 0, 1, 4, 5, 0, 0, 0, 5, 2, 1, 16, 3, 2, 0, 16, 0, 1, 2, 3, 1, 1, 6, 19, 0, 2, 1, 0, 2, 2, 1, 0, 4, 0, 5, 2, 4, 0, 2, 3, 3—600.

Schaefer's Score—8, 0, 3, 3, 0, 10, 2, 2, 1, 0, 3, 1, 10, 1, 7, 4, 0, 2, 5, 8, 0, 0, 0, 8, 1, 3, 1, 1, 4, 4, 8, 4, 1, 0, 5, 10, 0, 0, 9, 1, 14, 0, 10, 9, 0, 11, 2, 10, 11, 23, 7, 4, 4, 6, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 3, 7, 1, 13, 13, 5, 2, 5, 0, 0, 0, 8, 0, 7, 0, 0, 8, 2, 4, 3, 2, 0, 7, 0, 1, 1, 5, 0, 4, 20, 3, 1, 1, 0, 2, 2, 0, 22, 5, 3, 2, 3, 3, 1, 3, 9, 1, 1, 0, 5, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 5, 0, 1, 7, 2, 5, 0, 0, 0, 9, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 13, 21, 0, 0, 0, 19, 0, 6, 0, 12, 0, 2, 0, 3, 7, 2, 8, 1, 10, 1—576.

William Sexton was born at Burlington, Vt., April 8, 1834, and first showed the signs of a



GEORGE KNIGHT.

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

physical performances won for her. She was possessed of the true dramatic spirit, and as soon as she had mastered our language sought and found an opening on the legitimate stage. Since then she has developed into an actress whose powers have been demonstrated in many exacting roles. As *Francesca*, in the original cast of the "Galley Slave," in particular, she created such an impression upon the public that the lady who was playing the opposite role was constrained to relieve her of the part which so seriously interfered with her own. This ebullition of professional jealousy only increased Miss Rigl's hold upon the public which had endorsed her in such a pronounced way, and the rival actress, though she succeeded in ridding herself of a dangerous contrast, did not improve her own fame by the act.

George Knight.

Some years ago when the variety stage was still at a high tide of respectability in this country, there figured on it a Teutonic impersonator, who ranked at the head of his line. His specialties were those light and airy nothings which people were amused with at that day and which, without giving him much scope for the display of dramatic power sufficed to stamp him an artist of undeniable intelligence and conception of character.

When the variety business entered upon its decline, George Knight embarked on the legitimate dramatic stage. His venture was made in a play by Fred Marsden, "Otto." His wife, one of the famous Worrel sisters, ably supported him, and from their start in New York the well-matched pair of artists went through the country in a storm of success.



WILLIAM SEXTON.

Billiard Champion at Cushion Caroms.



KITTY MULCAHEY'S FURY.

HOW THE TONKIN MURDERESS SETTLED THE INTERVIEWING REPORTERS; ST. LOUIS, MO.



A CONVICT'S ESCAPE.

TAKEN OUT OF PRISON IN A SHOE BOX, AND GETTING CLEAR AWAY; ALLEGHENY, PA.

A Giddy Young Wife.

Mrs. Ritchie, of Buffalo, whose portrait we give, is the subject of condemnatory gossip for all the rumor mongers of that city. William J. Ritchie, a bright young merchant of Buffalo, N. Y., committed suicide recently. He was a member of the firm of Ritchie & Son, wholesale liquor dealers and was only 21 years old. He had been married for some two years and his wife, who is young, beautiful and gay, did not make home happy for him. They boarded at a hotel and she took great delight in going out at night, flirting with strange men and remaining away from the hotel until an unreasonable hour. Twice the couple separated and the last time Ritchie went to Europe. On his return he drank heavily and finally shot himself. He declared to some of his friends that he loved his wife so that he could not live without her. For that reason, so say these friends, he ended his life.

A Convict's Escape.

One day two weeks ago one of the wagons of Schinertz, the contractor for shoes made in the western penitentiary at Allegheny, Pa., was being driven through the town with a load of shoes in boxes from the penitentiary. The driver was hailed by a small boy who said that the lid of one of the boxes had fallen off and a man had jumped out of the wagon and run away. The driver stopped and found that one of the boxes had been broken open and contained, in lieu of shoes, only a pair of prison trousers branded No. 6816, which was the designation of J. W. Miller, a seven year man who was convicted of complicity in what is known as the catfish bond robbery. The convict made a very cunning exit from the prison and has since managed as cunningly to keep out of the way of the authorities, who are seeking him everywhere.



A NIGGER WHO "WOULDN'T WASH."

A RUFFIAN DISGUISED IN BURNT CORK, BEATEN AND DUCKED BY A BRAVE GIRL; PRESTON, CONN.

A Blackmailer Nabbed.

We present in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE the portrait of a young man named Louis S. Ward, of New York City, who at the present time finds himself in the clutches of the law and in a peck of trouble. Joseph A. White, a decorator of chinaware, doing business at No. 53 Macdougall street, New York, was married two years ago to Miss Stella Haviland, who was then but 18 years of age. For a couple of weeks past he has been receiving a series of annoying blackmailing letters signed "Several," asserting that he had inveigled Miss Haviland into marrying him without the consent of her parents when she was under age, and charging him with having wronged another young lady. "Several" also asserted that the clergyman who performed the ceremony had prepared an affidavit to the effect that Mr. White had inveigled Miss Haviland into the marriage. To suppress these facts "Several" demanded a payment of cash to the amount of \$1,000. Mr. White counselled with the police and two detectives were detailed on the case. A personal was addressed to "Several," and inserted in a morning paper agreeing to the terms. Mr. White delivered to a messenger boy a package supposed to contain the money, the detectives followed the messenger, and caught Lewis, alias John B. Black, as he was about to receive the bundle. He tried to shoot one of the officers, but was overpowered and locked up. He gave his age as 23, and his occupation as a collector. Mr. White did not know him, and as he suspected that some near relatives of his wife were also in the plot, he had the man remanded until the detectives could make a careful search for all parties concerned in the case.

DURING a quarrel on Christmas night in Knoxville, Tenn., Will Mabry, youngest son of Gen. Jas. A. Mabry, was shot and killed by Dan Lisby.

Frank Hall, Murderer.

The fiendish negro Frank Hall, who murdered another negro named Paul Saunders, in Little Rock, Ark., over a year ago, was hanged a couple of weeks ago in Little Rock with the religious formalities peculiar to negro executions. He was a brutal ruffian who had committed several murders which have been heretofore fully described in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE. He was a desperado, the record of whose crimes extend over three of the Southern States—North Caro-



LOUIS S. WARD,

BLACKMAILER; NEW YORK CITY.



MRS. W. J. RITCHIE,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

lina, Louisiana and Texas. Several murders were put down to his account, but he managed to get off scot free. Even in the last case he made his way out of the state and passed several months in the north. He would probably never have been hanged had he not returned in a spirit of bravado to the scene of his crime, possessed of a fetich charm obtained from some negro necromancer, which he imagined could keep him clear of the gallows. He was hanged, to the great relief of the citizens of Little Rock, who had learned to fear the brute.



FRANK HALL,

MURDERER; PULASKI CO., ARK.

SPORTING NEWS.

PADDY RYAN'S COLORS,
The Champion Pugilist of the World.

Parties wishing the champion's colors will please forward \$10 for the large size and \$7 for the small. The colors are a beautiful specimen of hand painting on the finest tulle silk, large size 36 x 33 in., small size 21 x 24 in., and are pronounced by connoisseurs to be the most artistic and handsomest combination of colors and designs ever adopted by any pugilist. The colors will be used by Paddy Ryan in his great battle with Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, and are suitable for framing. Can only be had at the Police Gazette office, 183 William Street, New York. Only a limited number will be issued. All money orders should be sent to

RICHARD K. FOX,
183 William Street, New York.

CHARLEY NORTON, the pugilist, is on his way to New York.

CONEX ISLAND and Louisville, Jockey Club stakes closed Jan. 1.

HARRY MAYNARD, the pugilist, has opened a lodging-house in Oakland, Cal.

ANDY GIDELOW, the veteran pugilist, has arrived in this city from Detroit.

ROWELL and Hughes will have to work hard to beat Patrick Fitzgerald's record.

A HOME-AND-HOME main has been arranged between Albany and New York fowls.

ANOTHER great regatta for professional oarsmen is being arranged in England.

BILLY EDWARDS, the pugilist, will shortly be tendered a grand exhibition in this city.

WALLACE ROSS intends to go to England and try to enter in the Hanlan and Boyd race.

GEORGE F. SLOSSON has become an ex-champion of what is known as the "champion's game."

THE annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge will take place this year on the first of April.

LONG-DISTANCE pedestrian matches appear to be no longer attractions for the sport-loving denizens of Gotham.

LAURENCE and Rush, the Australian oarsmen, are matched to row for \$500 and the championship of the colonies.

MIKE COBURN's exhibition was a grand success. Jimmy Kelly and Mike Coburn made a great set-to with the gloves.

THE chestnut stallion Hannis, record 2:17½, has been his owner and is in the market. His sire is Mambrino Pilot.

BETTING has already commenced on the Kentucky Derby and Lwyer Brothers' Runnymede is a strong favorite.

P. LORELLARD's colt Sachem has been quoted in the betting in London on the Derby, but his admirers refuse to take 25 to 1.

JAMES R. KEENE paid \$3,000 for Romeo, brother to Monitor, when a yearling. Romeo is now thought well of for next season's Derby.

MADAME LA CHAPPELLE of San Francisco, Cal., has challenged Madame Dupree to walk six days heel-and-toe or go-as-you-please for \$500 a side.

HANLAN's representative has signed articles for the match with Boyd for \$500 a side. The race will be rowed on the Tyne, England, in June.

GEORGE GLENWRIGHT, of Ashland, Pa., and Vin J. Miley, of Summit Hill, have been matched to run 100 yards for \$500 at Hazleton, Pa., Jan. 5.

It is reported that the Hughes and Rowell match will fall through. Hughes claims that the articles of agreement recently signed do not suit.

THOMAS HEATHWOOD, the noted game fowl fencer who owns the famous strain known as the Heathwoods, now resides at Joplin, Jasper county, Mo.

MICHAEL DONAHUE offers to wrestle any man in America at 133 pounds for \$100 a side and the light-weight heel-and-toe championship of America.

BURT MILLER managed the 100-mile bicycle race for Miss Von Blumene. Miller is the man who invented the elastic distance known as the "Miller Mile."

CARVER's, the American marksman, latest is that he will give Bonarius \$500 expenses if he will go to England and shoot at 100 birds for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

THE Hulifax cup, the emblem of the cricket championship of America, will remain in possession of the Young America Cricket Club, which also won it in 1913.

INQUIS, the American race horse, owned by Pierre Lorillard, heads the list of winning horses in England. He captured \$34,250 winning seven out of nine races.

BLAKE SAM, of Vermont, the world-renowned wrestler, has been engaged at Owen J. Goughgan's, and he offers to wrestle all comers for \$100 a side up, collar-and-elbow.

JOHN BOHANNAN's sporting house, "Old Wood n' Rooker," corner of Court st. and Hamilton ave., South Brooklyn, is the only sporting house where Ryan's colors are on exhibition.

LEON ROSS, the champion female boxer, has returned from Pensacola, Fla., and issues a challenge to box any female in America for a gold medal and the championship of America.

BRIDGEPORT's champion dog, "Jimmy," a pure white, and the St. Johns dog of Boston, white and cinnamon, are to fight on the 15th of January for \$300 a side. Both dogs to weigh 55 lbs.

EDWARD MCGLINCHY, the king sporting man of Bridgeport, Conn., will go to Boston, Mass., on the 9th inst. to spar for Sammy Blake. Dan Dwyer and McGlinchey will appear in a glove contest.

A DOG fight was recently decided at Kansas City between Jimmy Mac's yellow Peggy and Tom Huda's white Minnie. Dogs fought off the chain. Peggy won after a long and desperate battle.

At Kansas City, recently, Billy Mustard's white dog Chicago Billy and Edward Fern's brindle pup Granite, fought for a small stake. In 12 minutes Chicago Billy won, Granite refusing to scratch.

THE billiard match between Slosson and Vignaux will be decided in Paris in three weeks. Slosson

has arrived at the seat of war and commenced practice. It should be the American representative's turn to win.

CHARLES LLOYD, better known as "Cockney Charley," called at the Police Gazette office on the 23rd ult. and received the balance of the stakes in the Crib and Pilot fight at Louisville. He is anxious to match Paddy or Pilot to fight any 28 lb. dogs in America for \$1,000 a side.

If Sullivan should whip Ryan, which is doubtful, the title of champion will not be worth much but novices will advance to the front, the old boxers will retire altogether and then we shall see whether the new comers are in any way an improvement upon those who preceded them.

THOMAS TUGMAN of Philadelphia is eager to match Brandy against either Pilot or Paddy for \$1,000 a side. A match was recently arranged but Lloyd objected to the sporting man proposed for stakeholder. The party objected to could hold five times the amount for us and was every way responsible.

At Tucson, Arkansas, recently, the six-day heel-and-toe walking match between Madame Dupree and six men, a fresh man to come on the track every 24 hours, for \$500, resulted in a victory for Dupree, who won the race by 31 miles. The score was Madame Dupree, 453 miles. Her opponents covered 423 miles.

WM. CROOKS, better known as "Purdy," died at Central Falls, R. I., recently. He was the light-weight champion wrestler of England. Crooks was buried in Musassauck Valley Cemetery, town of Lincoln, R. I. A large number of sporting men attended the funeral. The pall bearers were John Neary, Elwin Bibby, Joe Hilton and James Marland.

THE Rowell-Hughes six-day go-as-you-please contest for a sweepstakes of \$1,000 per competitor will probably begin in the early part of the morning of February 29 next at the Madison Square Garden, N. Y., for the use of which \$10,000 will have to be paid, as Mr. Van derbilt refuses to take anything less for any match in which Rowell takes part.

THE American Base Ball Association may as well understand first as last that it is not recognized in the least by the league, and will not be as long as it countenances Sunday ball-playing and beer-selling on its grounds, or caters to the pool-room. Whenever an honest association of ball players is formed, it will have the hearty co-operation of the league.

PROF. W. C. MCCLELLAN, the recognized champion middle-weight pugilist of America at 157 pounds, will be tendered a grand benefit at Madison Square Garden Saturday January 14. He offered George Rooke, the pugilist who also claims to be the middle-weight champion, \$100 to box him six rounds Marquis of Queensbury Rules. Rooke has accepted, and the contest between the rival champions promises to be one of the best contested affairs ever witnessed in this city.

At Cleveland, Ohio, the Muldoon and Whistler combination recently gave a grand exhibition. The programme comprised feats of strength and wrestling. The first bout was William Muldoon against Andre Christol, Graeco-Roman, and Muldoon won. Whistler then defeated Lambert, catch-as-catch-can. Muldoon then defeated Richard Farnell, Graeco-Roman. Whistler then defeated Andre Christol, Graeco-Roman, after an exciting struggle which lasted thirty minutes. Muldoon then offered \$100 to any man in his combination who throws himself or Whistler.

THE great six-day race at the American Institute for \$1,500 to first, \$800 to second, \$400 to third, \$200 to fourth and \$100 to fifth and champion cup, under the management of John Ennis, was a success. The starters were Frank Hart, Fred Krohne, Harry Howard, Patrick Fitzgerald, Benj. Curran, John Cox, Richard Lycause, Alfred Elson, Dan Derry, Peter Edwards, Charles Curtis, Geo. D. Noremac, William Walte, Dominick Gettings and John Ennis. Only five finished. Fitzgerald won. Noremac was second, Lycause third, Derry fourth and Krohne fifth. Fitzgerald beat the record made by Vint, 578 miles and covered 582 miles.

DONALD DINNIE, the Scotch champion all-round athlete of the world, offers to back a man against any one of R. R. McLennan, of Canada, can produce in America at hammer throwing, stone putting and caber tossing. He will give or take \$300 expenses, and if McLennan agrees to have the match decided in Scotland Dinnie throws in the handsome allowance of three feet at the hammer, one foot at the stone and three inches at the caber. Dinnie also offers to back two men to throw a twenty-one pound hammer, length of handle not limited, over one hundred feet, and a fifty-six pound weight over forty feet, both without a run.

THE defiant challenge recently issued in the Police Gazette from George Fullames Canada's pet light-weight champion pugilist, to fight Jack King of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of Troy, N. Y., for the light-weight championship of America and \$500 or \$1,000 a side, has been accepted by the plucky little Cleveland pugilist, who means business. At both men have posted a forfeit with the Police Gazette all that is to be done now to clinch the match is for the pugilists to sign articles of agreement. Both pugilists have already made their mark in the prize ring arena and a match for the light-weight championship of America will create no little excitement in the sporting world.

At Arthur Chambers' sporting house, recently, in Philadelphia, a prize was offered to the man who could pick up 100 live rats in the shortest time. Several competitors entered for the prize, a handsome gold medal; and it was finally won by F. Carroll, who barreled his rats in 48s. The next event was for dogs, ten rats to be killed against time. The prize, a dog collar, was won by Jack Allen's blue terrier, time 4) 3-4s. Mr. O'Brien's black and tan terrier won the prize for dogs of ten pounds weight. He killed five rats in 50s. The exhibition, which on the whole was rough on rats, closed with an exhibition by Jack Gregory's ferret, General Grant, who killed five lively rodents in a very scientific manner to the general delight of everybody.

At Tom Kelly's sporting house in St. Louis recently, Morris O'Connell, a heavy-weight, built from the ground up, and James Miles, alias the Gypsy, a middle-weight, who, although as tall as O'Connell, was no match for him at all in size, fought half an hour with gloves. Tom Kelly was the referee. O'Connell was the favorite in the side betting. In the opening round O'Connell had things all his own way and gave the Gypsy several hard raps. The latter seemed intent on making the fight a waiting one and acted upon the defensive. In the second and third rounds the Gypsy did some pretty boxing but still O'Connell seemed to have the best of the fight. From the fourth to the seventh round it was hammer and tongs all round and the slopping was terrific. At the end of the seventh round, both men appeared to be badly blown. The eighth round was a desperate one and neither having the best of it the referee decided the affair a draw.

GEORGE ROOKE's, the middle-weight champion's benefit at Madison Square Garden recently, was a grand success every way. Rooke had offered any pugilist \$500 that would box him four rounds Marquis of Queensbury rules. Mike Donovan, the middle-weight, accepted the challenge and Barney Aaron was selected referee. Donovan began the fighting, landing a heavy blow on Rooke's jaw. He got a hard hit on the neck in return. His work followed, each hitting away right and left until they were separated. In the second round the hitting was hard, and it was difficult to tell who had the best of the bout. In the third round Donovan hit his tall opponent in the body, face and neck. Rooke countered terribly in the face, nearly knocking Donovan off the stage. When the men came up for the fourth and last round Donovan kept cool and forced the fighting, landing very scientific blows. Rooke fought Donovan all over the ring. The last round was the most exciting of any and both pugilists were loudly cheered.

THE numerous game-fowl fanciers who have visited the great "Cockers" Tournament at Louisville desire the Police Gazette to publish the following, which we do cheerfully:

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

SIR: The delegates from the North to the Game Fanciers Tournament wish to return their thanks to the southern men of Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky and especially to the sporting men of Louisville, Ky., for their fair and honorable treatment during our stay to Messrs. Thos. O'Neil, Sam Bryant, E. I. Hughes, Wm. Duff, Henry Smith, Geo. Shalbrune, Aleck Ament, of the Turf, and J. Duggan, of Bowling Green, Ky., not omitting Biz Medicine. Hoping to meet at the next session with the same spirit of friendly rivalry we subscribe our selves, DERRY MAHONEY, DEAN WILSON, New York. N. P. WILSON, J. B. McCARTY, Pennsylvania. JOSEPH WINGATE, New Hampshire. N. E. RICE, Massachusetts.

SPORTING men in Colorado are agitated over a prize fight for \$2,000 and the feather-weight championship of the State, between Harry Morgan, of Pueblo County and Jerry Mahoney, of Coal Creek, Tremont County. Recently Mahoney posted \$100 forfeit with Thomas Walden, the leading sporting man of Coal Creek, and forwarded a challenge to the Police Gazette, offering to fight Harry Morgan according to the new rules of the London prize ring, at catch weights for \$1,000 a side On Dec. 30 Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the Police Gazette, received \$25 forfeit from Harry Morgan, with the following acceptance of Mahoney's challenge:

PUEBLO, PUEBLO CO., COL., Dec. 20th, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

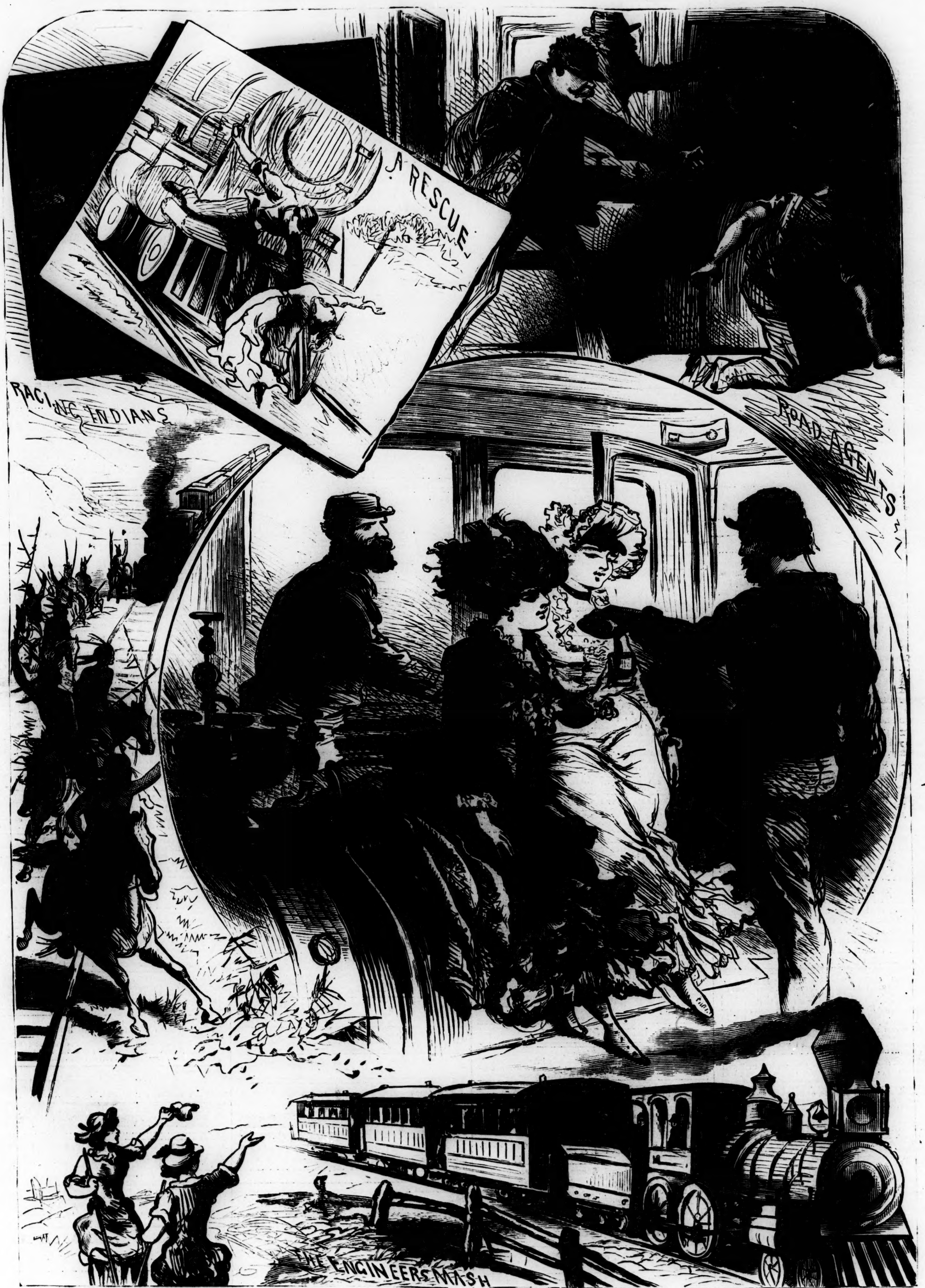
DEAR SIR:—In your paper of the 17th inst., I find what purports to be a challenge to me from Jerry Mahoney whom I defeated for the light-weight championship of Colorado, Feb. 4th, 1879, in Leadville, Col. In reply I would say that it never came to my knowledge that he had challenged me since our last fight. Then his remarks in regard to the manner in which I defeated him in our last fight are too trifling for my notice. If Mr. Mahoney means business, I will fight him according to the rules of the London prize ring, at his own weight, 115 pounds, six weeks from signing articles, for one thousand dollars a side. If this does not suit him I will fight any man west of the Missouri River, at from one hundred and twelve (112) to one hundred and sixteen (116) pounds, for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars a side, preferring Jerry Mahoney. Enclosed please find a draft for twenty-five (\$25) dollars, as an earnest of my intentions. I will remain here for thirty days, to wait and accommodate Mr. Mahoney, and can be found at the Miner's Billiard Hall, Union ave., South Pueblo, where I am prepared to put up money and sign articles. HARRY MORGAN.

Light-Weight Champion of Colorado, and Ex-Feather-Weight Champion of the Pacific Coast.

THE POLICE GAZETTE prize ring chronology for 1881; compiled by the Sporting Editor of the Police Gazette:

Alford, Young, draw with Emerson.
Arnold, Thomas, beat John Plant, about 45m., fatal to Plant. Arnold arrested, convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. Eight others were sentenced to terms varying from one to three months—Coventry, Eng., Sept. 26.
Bolton, Bill, beaten by Jimmy McGrath at Cook's Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 10.
Brock, Jim, and H. H. Ratny, alias "Navy," \$50, 8r., 20m.; police interfered, draw—nr. London, England, May 11.
Burke, John, and Charles Mitchell, \$375, 25r., 1h. 7m., draw—nr. London, Eng., June 11.
Callahan, beaten by Duff.
Cooley, Charles, beaten by Grant.
Crawley, George, beaten by Watts.
Checkley, Mark, beat George Graham, gloves, \$100, 9r.—Toronto, Ont., June 2.
Creamer, Pat, beaten by Noble.
Coates, "Solik," ex-pugilist and a wealthy brewer, died—Birmingham, Eng., in May.
Crook, Harry, beat n by J. Gleeson.
Cash, John, and Johnny Moore, glove contest, 4r., police interfered—N. Y. city, June 23.
Carmy, James, and James Hig. land, \$250, 43r., 1h. 45m., police int., draw—near Tamworth, Eng., Oct. 7.
Cox, Peter, boxer, died, age 23—N. Y. city.
Donaldson John, beaten by J. Sullivan.
Duff, beat Callaghan, purse, 12r., 48m.—near Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 7.
Dunn, James, sentenced to pay a fine of \$250 for assaulting ex Judge Morris—Brooklyn, N. Y. March 23.
Donahoe, Frank, beaten by Hoskins.
Dooley, Patrick, beaten by O'Hagan.
Emmerson, "Pink," and Young Alcor, \$380, 27r., police interfered, draw—Newark district, Eng., Aug. 18.
Final deposit of \$2,000 in the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight posted at the Police Gazette office. The selection of the battle ground won by Wm. E. Harling for Ryan.
Forster, Harry, beat George Schultz, 16r., 83m., near London, Eng., Jan. 17.
Fullames, George, and Frank White, glove fight, purse, 5r., 14m., crowd interfered, draw—N. Y. city, April 19.
Fitzgerald, Billy, beaten by Marcus.
Flood, John, beaten by Sullivan.
Fox, Richard K., proprietor of the Police Gazette of New York, issued a challenge offering to match Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, Aug. 27.
Green, Jimmy, beat Fred Monk, \$500, 32r., 40m.—Brentwood, Eng., Jan. 17.
Grant, Morris, beat Charles Cooley, both colored, purse, 6r., 20m.—N. Y. city, March 31.
Gurrett, A. beat n by Whitehouse.
Gleeson, James, and Thomas Galvin, \$250, 57r., about 1h. 20m., police interfered, draw—near Epsom, Eng., Apr. 27.
—beat Harry Crook, \$250, 47r.—London district, Eng., Aug. 14.
Galvin, T., draw with Gleeson.
Graham, George, beaten by Mark Checkley.

George, Wm., beat John Muggergill, purse, 7r. 21m. 33s.—London district, Eng., July 29.
Goodwin, James, and Johnny Welsh, \$100, 39r., 1h. 45m., police int., draw—near Birmingham, Eng., Sept. 5.
Principals sentenced, 18, to two months' imprisonment at hard labor.
—beaten by Ward.
Hill, Harry, selected final stake holder for the prize fight for \$5,000, bet. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan and the championship of America.
Harrington, Denny, beaten by W. Sheriff.
Henry, Mike, shot and severely wounded by E. C. Wog-lom—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 8.
Hogan, John, died, Providence, R. I., Feb. 13, aged 28.
Higgins beat O'Brien, gloves, 23r.—San Francisco, Cal.
Haggerty, Denny, beaten by Owen Judge.
Hamilton, John, alias "Scotty," died, aged 38 years—Lawrence, Mass., May 7.
Hoskins, "Reddy," beat Frank Donahoe, \$100, room, 9r., 48m.—Philadelphia, Pa., May 16.
Harnaty, H., draw with Brock.
Halford, Wm., beat Jim Rowbotham, \$100, 4r., near Nottingham, Eng., June 11.
Hicken, Abe, and Pte Newton, gloves, purse, 15r., 1h., draw—Hippodrome, Melbourne, Aus., July 16.
Highland, James, draw with Carney.
—died, Birmingham, Eng., Oct. 15, Coroner's jury rendered a verdict that death resulted from injuries received in his fight with Carney.
Holden, George, and Frank White, 4r., about 6m., police interfered, draw. Both principals were subsequently arrested, and committed to the Ashtabula County O. jail for trial in default of \$1,200 bail.
Judge, Owen, beat Denny Haggerty, gloves, Queensbury rules, \$50 and cup, 2r., less than 6m.—San Francisco, Cal., April 11.
—beaten by Lawler.
Keene, Alec, died, London, Eng., Jan. 30.
Kelly, Jimmy, and George Taylor, gloves, purse, 17r. 1h. 6m.—N. Y. City Feb. 17.
—and Jerry Murphy, glove contest, purse \$150, 1h. draw—Boston, Mass., April.
—beat Jerry Murphy, purse, gloves, 8r., 31m.—N. Y. City, April 14.
Longer, T., beat n by V. Taylor.
Lane, Tom, died, N. Y. City, Feb. 16.
Lawler, Pte, beat Owen Judge, gloves, purse, 6r.—San Francisco, Cal.
Lazzarus, John, died, aged 41. N. Y. City, April 13.
Leary Phil, beat Johnny Thompson glove fight, off-hand, \$20 2Cr., 40m.—Philadelphia Pa.
Lyons, Denny, beaten by McGowan.
Leonard, Henry, beat Pat Logan, "light-weight champion-ship of the U. S. Navy," 9r., 33m.—U. S. S. New Hampshire, Newport, R. I., Nov. 24.
Logan, Pat, beaten by Leonard.
McGrath, Jimmy, beat Billy Bolan in 67r., 1h. 58m., at Cook's Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 16.
McCaffrey, Dominick, beat Chas. McCoy, \$1,000, 6r.—Howland Springs, O., Feb. 6.
Mitchell, Charles, draw with J. Burke.
McGoy Chas., beaten by McCaffrey.
McCartney Patrick, beat Jerry Murphy, gloves, purse, 12r., 47m.—N. Y. City Feb. 7.
Murphy, Jerry, beaten by P. McCartney.
—draw with Kelly.
—beaten by Kelly.
Mc C. be, Johnny, died, Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 15.
Monk, Tommy, and Geo. Young, \$300, 6r., 33m., 46s., police int., draw—Home circuit, Eng., March 1.
—beaten by T. Green.
Moore, Johnny, and John Cash, gloves.
Muggergill, John, beat n by George.
Marcus, Gus, beat Billy Fitzgerald, \$100, room, 8r., 35m.—N. Y. City April.
Miller, George, beat Walter Wellsley, gloves, Navy light, weight belt, 6r. 27m.—U. S. S. New Hampshire, Newport, R. I., September.
McGowan, Frank, beat Denny Lyons, \$200, 70r., 1h. 27m.—nr. Bull's Ferry, N. Y.
McClellan, W. C., beat n by Rooke.
Newton, Pte., draw with Abe Hicken.
Noble Tom, beat Pat Creamer, \$250, 26r., 1h. 42m. 56s.—London district, Eng., Aug. 30.
O'Connell, Morris, beat Billy O'Brien, gloves, Hot Springs, Ark., June 2.
O'Brien, Billy, beaten by O'Connell.
O'Hagan, John, beat Patrick Dooley, \$100, "r.—nr. London Eng.
Plant, John, beaten by Arnold.
Queen, Frank, refused to hold \$500 and publish a challenge for Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000, and declared he would have nothing more to do with pugilists and pugilism.
Rowbotham, Jim, beaten by Halford.
Rooke, George, beat W. C. McClellan, purse, gloves, 3r., 6m. 18s.—Long Island City, L. I., Dec. 1.
Rooke, Jack, ex-pugilist, died—Manchester, Eng., Nov. 25. He was 45 years of age, stood 5ft. 10½ in. in height and in condition fought at 145 lbs.
Ryan, Paddy, and John L. Sullivan, matched at the Police Gazette office to fight for \$2,500 a side and the heavy-weight championship of America on Feb. 7, 1882.
Sullivan, John L., beat John Donaldson, gloves, purse, 13r., 21m.—Cincinnati, O., Dec. 21, 1880.
—beat Steve Taylor, off hand, Queensbury rules, 2r. N. Y. City.
—beat John Flood, glove fight, purse 8r. 16m.—barge on Hudson River, nr. Yonkers, N. Y., May 16.
Sherriff, Wm., alias "Prussian," beat D. my Harrington, gloves, \$1,000, 11r., 44m.—nr. Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 17, 1880.
Schultz, G., beaten by H. Forster.
Smith, T., beat Jim Wright, purse, 3r., over 4m.—nr. Manchester, Eng., Oct. 19.
Taylor, Wm., beat Thos. Longer, 52r., 1h. 33m.—nr. London, Eng., Jan. 10.
Tylor, Steve, beaten by J. L. Sullivan.
Thompson, J., beaten by Leary.
Tracey, Wm., shot and fatally wounded Charles P. Miller, N. Y. City, Nov. 7. Tracey arrested by Coroner's jury found a verdict in accordance with the facts. Tracey released, 19, on \$10,000 bail, Dec. 13, indicted by Grand Jury for murder in the first degree, rearrested and committed for trial; 19, prisoner was arraigned in Court of General Sessions, and upon application District Attorney the case was set over the term, Tracey being remanded to the city prison.
Taylor, Geo., and J. Kelly.
Ward, Walter, beat Joseph Goodwin, \$50, 10r.—nr. Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 29.
Whitehouse, H., beat A. Garratt, \$100, 13r., 24m. 25s.—Home circuit, Eng., March 1.
Wolly, Joe, beat Frank Lynnam, \$200, gloves, 10r.—nr. New York, N. Y., April 1.
Watts, W., beat George Crawley, stake 4s., 27m. 25s.—London, Eng., April 3.
White, Frank, draw with Fullames.
—draw with G. Holden.
Wellsley, Walter, beaten by Miller.
Welsh, Johnny, draw with Goodwin.
Wright, Jim, beaten by Sandy.



A FAST LIFE!

HOW THE RAILROAD ENGINEER KILLS TIME AND SPACE, AND COUPLES CARES AND PLEASURES IN HIS SWIFT PURSUIT OF A LIVING.